FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1896. | VOL. XLVII.—No. 19. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

THE WATER KILLING OF DEER.

THERE was not room to say all that was to be said, nor some things which should have been said, on this page last week; among others that the letter signed Deerslayer and defending the water killing of deer was printed for a purpose. That purpose was to put the plea on record as a deer hounder's own description of one phase of Adirondack deer hounding.

We have heard so much of the chivalry and the sportsmanlike qualities said to distinguish the practice of water killing deer as carried on in the North Woods that it is well worth while to have such a frank, if brutal, exposition as this letter affords of just what Adirondack hounding means as followed by one class of hunters. The description, it is true, does not differ essentially from others which have been given by critics of deer hounding, but the significant point of this communication of Deerslayer's is that it comes from a participant in the sport, an advocate and defender of it, who makes a plea in defense of his pet method, because he is apprehensive lest the Legislature shall interfere to prevent his further enjoyment of it. When those who are opposed to deer hounding have written of roping the swimming game and killing it with clubs or with firearms at close range they have been met with the answer that such statements were libels on true sportsmen deer hounders, and that the ropers and muzzle-end shooters belonged to a past generation. But here comes a man who admits all that the critics have said, who rejoices in those very methods whose practice has been so strenuously denied, and who upholds and defends such ways of securing the game.

The first essential to an intelligent discussion of Adirondack deer hounding from the standpoint of sportsmanship is an established basis of fact as to what deer hounding as there conducted actually is and what it involves. If the several parties to the discussion were to tell all they knew, it would probably be shown as to the facts that a certain proportion of deer killed by hounding are killed on land and under conditions which could be defended as fair and complying with accepted rules of sportsmanship; while the rest are killed in the water by strategems closely allied to those described by Deerslayer, and by methods which no one except, of course, the perpetrators of them would ever dream of defending as sportsmanlike. Moreover, we believe that it could be demonstrated beyond controversy that the horrible brutalities and outrageous cruelties incident to and inseparable from hounding are so many and so atrocious that, were game laws based upon the consideration of these facts, hounding should be prohibited. But the protective statutes take no cognizance of methods, save as to the relation of these to conserving the game supply. The law knows nothing of sportsmanship; it does not concern itself with the methods of wing-shooting versus potting on the ground, fly-fishing versus netting, water killing versus still-hunting. The statutes prohibit snaring game birds, not for the sentimental reason held by sportsmen that wing shooting is a better way of getting game than snaring it, but for the purely economic reason that snaring cannot be permitted because, as demonstrated by experience, it exterminates the game. All the limitations prescribed by the game laws are in theory at least founded on this basis. The lawful seasons of shooting and fishing are designed to be so fixed as to insure that each species may have opportunity to rear its young to maturity; and the regulations which relate to liming streams, netting trout, night shooting, use of big guns for wildfowl, killing moose in their yards, taking more than a specified amount of game or fish, sale, transportation and export—all these have the one purpose of so limiting pursuit that the stock may yet be perpetuated. And so it is with the law governing deer hunting. In almost all the States where the deer supply is recognized as a valuable resource to be preserved and continued, the use of hounds, or at least the practice of killing in the water, is strictly forbidden. It is forbidden on the ground that hounding is destructive to a degree in excess of the power of nature to make good. If a similar restriction shall be provided to apply to the Adirondacks, it will have a similar reason; and apart from maintaining the deer supply will not concern itself with the merits of deer hounding. The province of game laws does not include a determination of what is sportsmanlike and what is not. Apart from the economic considerations involved the statutes can have nothing to do with Deerslayer's approved method of noosing the game in the water and blowing its head off with "the good old 10-gauge gun with a charge of buckshot." The influences which restrain a man from that style of hunting should have been implanted while he was yet a child at his mother's knee, and fostered and developed and strengthened into a controlling force by all the surroundings of civilized society in this age of the world's progress when we are soon to write 1900.

THE ADIRONDACK BLUE LINE.

ONE gratifying feature of the discussion of the proposed amendment of the forestry section of the New York Constitution was the unanimity of the press in denouncing the proposition as unwise and iniquitous. If there was a single advocate of the measure among the exchanges which come to this office we failed to notice it. United and emphatic as was the press in opposition to the amendment, and thus reflecting as it did the public opinion of the citizens of the State at large, there was yet shown a prevailing want of information respecting the Forest Preserve and the Adirondack Park. These were commonly spoken of as identical, whereas they are distinct. The confusion thus fallen into was perhaps due to the text of the amendment, and it appears reasonable to assume that the author of that measure himself confounded the Preserve with the Park; his use of the term Forest Preserve would indicate as much.

The Forest Preserve is thus defined by the Constitution, Sec. 7 of Art. VII.:

"FOREST PRESERVE.—SEC. 7. The lands of the State, now owned or hereafter acquired, constituting the Forest Preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private; nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed."

The law fixing the Preserve being the act of 1885, as amended in 1893, and enforced at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, reads as follows:

100 FOREST PRESERVE.—The Forest Preserve shall include the lands now owned or hereafter acquired by the State within the counties of Clinton—except the towns of Altoona and Dannemora—Delaware, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Oneida, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren, Washington, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan, except

1. Lands within the limits of any village or city, and

2. Lands—not wild lands—acquired by the State on foreclosure of mortgages made to the commissioners for loaning certain moneys of the United States, usually called United States Deposit Fund.

The Forest Preserve then includes all the wild lands in the counties designated. While the Constitution forbids the sale of such lands within the Preserve, it does not forbid the sale of lands outside of the Preserve; there was, therefore, no call for an amendment forbidding the sale of such outside lands; nor can we suggest any reasonable surmise as to the motive or intention of the proposed amendment, which with respect to this point reads:

The Legislature may also authorize the exchange of lands owned by the State situate outside the Forest Preserve, for lands not owned by the State situate within the Forest Preserve. The Legislature may also authorize the sale of lands belonging to the State situate outside the Forest Preserve. * * *

But there are no wild lands owned by the State situate outside of the Forest Preserve, for the law of 1893 and the Constitution declare all wild lands to be the Forest Preserve. Every plot of wild land, therefore, is included in the Forest Preserve and cannot be situate outside of it. An amendment authorizing the Legislature to sell wild lands owned by the State situate outside of the Forest Preserve would be an amendment empowering the sale of what does not exist, and nothing more can be made of such a proposition than that it is hocus-pocus, as we said last week.

The only lands situate within the Forest Preserve to which the amendment can refer are those tracts owned by private individuals and surrounded by tracts of State land. In many cases it is highly desirable that such tracts should be acquired by the State for the purpose of solidifying its holdings, but as there is now nothing in the Constitution forbidding the purchase of such lands by the State, no necessity exists of amending the Constitution to grant permission to make such purchase.

It is reasonable to assume that the intention of the author of the amendment was to provide for the exchange of lands within the Adirondack Park for public lands outside of the Park. The Adirondack Park is something entirely different from the Forest Preserve. It is a district set apart by the law of 1885, as amended in 1893, to include the territory thus described in the statute:

120. ADIRONDACK PARK.—All lands now owned or hereafter acquired by the State within the county of Hamilton, the towns of Newcomb, Minerva, Schroon, North Hudson, Keene, North, Elba, St. Armand and Wilmington, in the county of Essex; the towns of Harrietstown, Santa Clara, Altamont, Waverly and Brighton, in the county of Franklin; the town of Wilmurt, in the county of Herkimer; the towns of Hopkinton, Colton, Clifton and Fine, in the county of St. Lawrence; and in the towns of Johnsburgh, Stony Creek and Thurman, and the islands in Lake George, in the county of Warren, except such lands as may be sold as provided in this article, shall constitute the Adirondack Park. Such park shall be forever reserved, maintained, and cared for as a ground open for the use of all the people for their health and pleasure, and as forest lands necessary to the preservation of the headwaters of the chief rivers of the State and a future timber supply, and shall remain part of the Forest Preserve.

The Adirondack Park territory thus defined is marked on the official map of the Adirondacks by a blue line. The territory comprised within this line consists of parts of the Forest Preserve, that is to say, wild lands owned by the State, and of other land owned by individuals and corporations. The public possessions in the Park are broken up into numerous irregular and disjointed tracts separated by lands over which the State has no control. It would unquestionably be for the public interest if many of these private holdings could be added to the public lands; and the proposition has been advanced that advantageous exchanges might be made of State lands lying outside of the Adirondack Park (not outside the Forest Preserve) for private lands within the Park bounds. This probably was the intention of the author of the amendment; at all events, such a proposition would be intelligible, whereas no sense can be made of the amendment as printed.

But if the amendment had read that State lands outside of the Adirondack Park might be exchanged for private lands within the Park, even that proposition should be rejected; for the whole history of Adirondack public land transactions demonstrates that such deals are always engineered and put through with a sacrifice of the real interests of the public, and for the advantage of land speculators and lumbermen. To authorize Adirondack land exchanges and sales would be to open the way once more to jobs and betrayals of public interest. Under existing conditions the only sure way of keeping what we have in the North Woods is to maintain the safeguard afforded by the Constitution as it stands.

GAME SUPPLY FLUCTUATIONS.

IT is a noticeable fact in the evolution of the sports of field and stream that an over-abundance of a species of game depreciates or destroys its value either as a means of sport or as an article of food. Audubon recounts that in earlier days the prairie chicken was in such common abundance that no effort was required to secure it, so common indeed was it that it was considered unworthy of the value of the powder consumed in shooting it. This is a distinct contrast to the high esteem in which the bird is now held by the epicure, and the change shows that in matters pertaining to the palate and stomach prejudice or whim or education may be the dominant factor in determining what is best to eat. It was a long time before the terrapin gained fashionable approval and was thereafter considered a rare delicacy.

As an over-abundance will depreciate the value, so will a scarcity of a species of game enhance the value of it for sport or food. Scarcity multiplies the difficulties of pursuit and capture, and the obstacles to be overcome are the soul of all sports. They are what make skill, woodcraft and pleasure possible. They exact the highest and best physical and mental equipment of the individual for his best success.

As there may be too great an abundance for sport, so there may be too great a scarcity for reward of diligent effort, and yet the scarcity tends to broaden sport in a general sense, since the sportsman seeks other special fields, adding to what he already fancies; or, indeed, the new sport may have its own distinct and enthusiastic following. Rabbit hunting, for instance, which now is done largely with beagles, is a form of sport which a few years ago was considered largely as belonging to boys. It now has grown into the favor of men East and West, and has its conventional tenets of sportsmanship instead of the primitive methods of a few years ago.

Fox hunting too is growing in favor and gaining a broader field, so that sport is derived from it by constantly increasing numbers year by year.

And thus if one branch of sport is overcrowded to a degree which produces unsatisfactory results, or if there is a dearth of game material, it tends to the stimulation and development of other forms of sport, so that what may on the surface appear to be a particular loss may after all in a way be a general gain.

The Sportsman Tourist.

OLD HAUNTS IN NEW GUISE.

FROM the Vermont mainland in the township of Charlotte, a long cape, toothed with minor points and indented with small bays, reaches far westward toward the bald promontory of Split Rock. The cape is fringed with woods, and terminates in a bold cliff, crowned with cedars, pines and deciduous trees.

In it is embalmed the name of a man otherwise forgotten. No one knows who Thompson was, but it is probable that he was the first settler here, and that a scraggy orchard, intergrown with cedars, and the barely traceable foundations of a house, were his, and that some crumbling lines of stone wall mark the divisions of his sterile fields.

Doubtless the poverty of this soil prevented a succession of occupants and the consequent succession of names which so many of our points and bays have undergone. Thompson's Point is not a good name for a noble headland, but it is better that it should have borne it for a hundred years than half a dozen that are no more significant.

The Waubanakees called it Kozoapsqua, the "Long Rocky Point," and the noticeable cleft promontory opposite Sobapsqua, the "Pass through the Rock," names which might well have been retained, and perhaps would have been if our pioneer ancestors had not so bitterly hated the Indians and all that pertained to them. There was cause enough for this hatred, but one wishes it had not been carried so far when the poverty of our ancestors' nomenclature is considered, and the few surviving names of Indian origin remind us how easily we might have been spared the iteration of commonplace and vulgar names that cling to mountain, river and lake.

Sobapsqua and Kozoapsqua make the gateway to the broader expanse of water stretching thence to Canada. It is one through which many memorable expeditions have passed—unrecorded war parties of Iroquois and Waubanakee, the brave and devout Champlain on his voyage of discovery with his Indian allies, the predatory bands of French and Indians marching over the ice-bound lake, the armies of France bearing her banners to victory or trailing them homeward from defeat. Here passed Rogers and his rangers to wreak vengeance on those scourges of New England, the Waubanakees of St. Francis, and then Amherst's army passing from lesser conquests to the final and crowning victory. A few years later the little army of Americans went through these portals to its disastrous campaign in Canada, and the ensuing winter saw Warner and his rangers march down the frozen lake to the succor of their hard-pressed brethren; the summer, the same brave commander bearing homeward the feeble remnant of the Northern army.

Here Arnold's flotilla passed on its way to the bloody battle at Valcour, and here the escaping vessels were overtaken by Carleton's fleet and the running fight began which ended at Arnold's Bay. Through this broad gateway came Burgoyne's unreturning host. Ticonderoga fell, and henceforth till the close of the war British warships passed and repassed in undisputed possession of the lake whose waters mirrored no flag but the red cross of England. Then it vanished from them till it reappeared when Captain Pring's flotilla made its unsuccessful assault on Fort Casin, at the mouth of the Otter, in which McDonough's unready fleet lay moored. Next day the stars and stripes flashed past these headlands as the gallant fleet sailed down the lake to its eventual glorious victory in Plattsburgh Bay.

Thus, for two centuries, such shifting scenes of war passed in broken succession before these steadfast sentinels. Then came the peaceful sails of commerce, white-winged schooners and sloops, the single square canvas of Canadian craft; immense lumber rafts, coaxed slowly northward by sweep and sail; the first clumsy steamboat, making tortoise-like progress, followed in a little while by majestic successors, tearing the still waters asunder and casting the torn waves against either rocky shore.

In the later, pleasant days of autumn canoes of the Waubanakees reappeared, like apparitions of the old days, rounding the ancient headland, and making into the great "Bay of the Vessels" straight for Wonakakatukese, Sungahneetuk or Paumbowk, the old trapping grounds of the wild fathers of these peaceable men, coming now with no bloodier intent than warfare against the musk-rats, while their women made baskets and moccasins to hawk about the country side. The oldest men could repeat the legends of ancient wars with the Iroquois and knew the old names of rivers, mountains and lakes, and still made offering to Wojahose, the invisible deity of the lake, as they paddled in awed silence past the lonely rock wherein dwelt the master of storms.

Fifty years ago some one discovered that the reefs off Thompson's Point were good fishing ground for pike perch, and they became a favorite resort of anglers. To take advantage of the late and early fishing it was a common custom to camp on the Point over night. For the most part the fishermen camped in primitive fashion. They slept on beds of cedar twigs under rude shelters of cedar boughs and cooked their simple fare, with few utensils, over an open fire. Occasionally a party brought a tent and lived more luxuriously under canvas during a longer outing. At last a goodly guild of honest anglers built an unpretentious but comfortable club house with two rooms on the ground floor, one of which was kitchen, dining room and living room, the other a sleeping apartment fitted up with two tiers of bunks, which were supplemented by others in the loft. There were a cook stove, a big coffee-pot, kettles, and more than one capacious frying-pan, also a table and seats, but the primitive character of a genuine camp was still maintained. Everything was conducted in a free and easy manner, without any attempt at style or luxurious living.

To supply the demands of the frying-pans and for sport, which, though dull as watching a runway for deer, quite satisfied their modest desires, these men anchored their boats on the reefs and fished from daybreak to nightfall with the philosophical patience of honest anglers. When the fish were biting well there was lively work hauling in the 60 or 100ft. of line hand over hand, with a stout pike perch and a strong current to fight against, but when there was a long time between bites it was dull enough. A stiff cedar pole with wire guides and a cleat at the butt to wind the line on was the approved tackle by which the fish was brought to boat in the briefest possible time.

If the fishing was not conducted in the finest style of the art it fulfilled all the requirements of these anglers, and there were jolly gatherings around the camp-fire, whether it blazed in the free air or roared within the rusty iron walls of the stove.

In those days the Point afforded good fox hunting, as in days long before, when Uncle Bill Williams and the old Meaches hunted there with their gaunt, melodious-voiced, old-fashioned hounds and were succeeded by Uncle Bill's son's, John Thorpe and others of a generation of Nimrods, who, in turn, have departed to happier hunting grounds than these are now.

We who came later had excellent sport, for at least one litter of foxes was sure to be raised there every year, and besides these residents transient visitors were likely enough to be started.

A fox running before hounds would keep a course conforming to the shore line and thus make the circuit of the Point, crossing from one side to the other near the heads of the two bays, and so repeated the circuit till killed, run to earth or run off the Point along one or the other shore to the Cove Woods, McNeill's Point or the hills. A single hunter stood a reasonable chance of getting a shot, while if there were two or more, properly posted, one of these was almost sure of a chance, though by no means so certain of the fox, who sometimes safely ran the gauntlet of half a dozen guns and left as many chopfallen hunters, each excusing himself and blaming the others.

I have painful recollections of being more than once a member of such an awkward squad, mingled with pleasanter memories of occasions when fortune favored us; but somehow the misadventures stand forth most prominently. I well remember one dull-skied November day when I tramped to the Point with no companion but my old hound Gabriel, and ranged the woods almost to the end without finding a track till he came to the old orchard, I being a little behind him, when he sounded such a melodious blast of his trumpet as at once raised my waning hopes and set me all alert. In a moment he had a fox afoot and going around the end of the Point from the south side to the north at a lively rate. There was a bare chance of my getting over to that side in time to intercept him, and I tried my best for it, running *ventre a terre* beside an old wall that crossed the pasture till I came to the belt of woods above the shore. I had not time to catch breath before the fox was seen among the thick shadows of the trees, in black relief against the light beyond, and I made a snap shot at him. He tumbled all in a heap into a clump of cedar trunks, but before I could get to him he picked himself up and staggered into a thicket, whither I followed close at his heels and making futile snatches at his brush, a foot or so beyond my reach. Having the advantage of slipping through intricacies that I floundered against, he was gaining on me a little, when Gabriel overhauled us and pounced upon him with a grip that took the life out of the poor fox, yet not soon enough to prevent one vengeful nip in the nose of his slayer. Gabriel's angelic name came of his voice, not of his temper, which was so kindled by this last thrust of his foe that the handsome skin was in danger of being spoiled before I could get the fox away from him. When I began taking off the pelt he curled himself up for a comfortable nap, but a fresh twinge of his wounded nose suddenly rekindled his smouldering wrath, and snatching the fox out of my hands he gave it another violent shaking, and I had to be severe with him before he would let me finish.

This done, we set forth in the homeward direction along the belt of woods on the north shore. We had not gone far before Gabriel found a track that engaged his earnest attention, whereof he made loud proclamation while it led him across the wide pasture to the woods of Cedar Point, which is the southernmost headland of the cape and the largest piece of woods upon it. In a moment the woods were filled with quick reverberations of the hound's melodious voice. Assured that the fox was afoot and that there was no time to lose, I put my best foot forward for the corner of a fence which ran across nearly to the woods and divided the pasture from a meadow. The desired point was scarcely reached when I saw the fox break cover, a tawny dot in the woodside, now growing and growing into distinctive form as it rapidly drew nearer along a cowpath that ran close beside the fence. Now he was not more than two gunshots from me, the butt of the gun was at my shoulder, my finger touching the trigger, and I could almost feel this fellow's pelt in my right pocket comfortably balancing the one in my left, when a herd of young cattle discovered him and charging in a mad stampede drove him through the fence into the meadow, across which he took a diagonal course, well out of my range. I fired with a forlorn hope of crippling him, but only increased the velocity of the ruddy streak which vanished in an instant and left the world a blank.

Presently the leaden sky came closer to the earth, and then became one with it in a dense snowfall, and muffled in its thick veil Gabriel's trumpet notes sounded faintly far away, as he pottered over the blotted scent. The six miles tramp home was leg-wearying, as all can testify who have taken so long a walk in the first snow, but my luck had been good enough and I should have been satisfied, yet the vanishing form of that fox stood forth then as it stands even now in unpleasant distinctness, clearer than aught else in the day's events.

Immense flocks of ducks used to cruise along the shores and come out on the shelving rocks, sometimes in very dangerous places, where ambushed gunners lay in wait to rake the huddled throng with a charge of BB shot. In some cases a dozen or more were killed by a single discharge. Frank Brady got eighteen with two barrels. Old Justin Cyr killed as many with one discharge of his ancient Queen's arm. This was very unsportsmanlike, and in nowise to be compared with the exploits of men who kill a hundred ducks on the wing in a day's shooting and are still unsatisfied. Our pot-hunters fired but one shot and went home quite content with the result, and from year to year there was no noticeable decrease in the numbers of water fowl till the generation of "true sportsmen" with improved weapons began to increase and multiply.

It is not to be denied that there is a degree of excitement in the stealthy approach to a flock of wary dusky ducks, or in lying in wait, silent and motionless, for them to swim within range, meanwhile observing the autumnal beauty of earth and sky out of the corners of one's eyes, sniffing the fragrant odor of ripe leaves and listening to the pulse of lazy ripples, and undeniably there is a satisfaction in the successful shot. Nevertheless it was pot-hunting that one should blush with shame for having indulged in, yet somehow I do not, only as the recollection of some inexcusably bad shot comes back to me.

I am glad I do not know how a man feels after shooting 100 ducks that have flown past his stand or stooped to his decoys in one day. It seems to me that one should feel remorse rather than exultation for such a feat.

The beautiful island in the north bay which was called Birch Island when I first knew it, clad then with a thick growth of white birch and cedar, was a beloved resort of ducks, and its secluded shores were seldom disturbed by gunners. By change of ownership its name became Yale's, then Holmes's, and is now Putnam's after the present owner, who has a handsome summer house there and has so improved the place that the wild ducks have forsaken it.

I think this may be the place where the devoted missionary, Isaac Jogues, ran the gauntlet and suffered other tortures from his savage captors while he and his fellow captives were being carried to the Mohawk country, for though by no means situated on the southern part of the lake, it is the southernmost island which answers at all the description given of the halting place of the war party, by Parkman, in his "The Jesuits in North America":

"On the eighth day they learned that a large Iroquois war party, on their way to Canada, were near at hand; and they soon approached their camp, on a small island near the southern end of Lake Champlain. The warriors, 200 in number, saluted their victorious countrymen with volleys from their guns; then, armed with clubs and thorny sticks, ranged themselves in two lines, between which the captives were compelled to pass up the side of a rocky hill. On the way they were beaten with such fury that Jogues, who was last in the line, fell powerless, drenched in blood and half dead. As the chief man among the French captives, he fared the worst. His hands were again mangled, and fired applied to his body; while the Huron chief, Eustache, was subjected to tortures even more atrocious. When, at night, the exhausted sufferers tried to rest, the young warriors came to lacerate their wounds and pull out their hair and beards."

One can hardly realize that scenes now so steeped in the serenity of peace should ever have witnessed such barbarities.

The shores of this island can no longer tempt me, as they once did years and years ago, to steal a boat wherewith to get close to the congregation of ducks assembled in and about them on that October Sunday. My companion and I broke two commandments and were not penitent, but I trust heaven forgave us, for we were only boys and returned the boat just as we found it, and got nine lusty, dusky ducks, half as big as geese.

John Hough, an old man whose memory ran back to the last days of deer hunting here, told me that the deer, started on Mt. Philo, used to run to water at Thompson's Point, as the lay of the land would lead one to guess.

Here the relentless slayers of the last deer lay in wait for their prey, while, faint and far away, the hound's first notes drifting down the wind-blown crest of Mt. Philo, then swelling to a jangle of echoes in the nearer woods, the hunted deer plunged into the lake and the rifle spat out its spiteful charge, or the long smooth-bore belched forth its double charge of ball and buckshot, and the rocky steeps of Sobapequa, offering life and safety, faded out of the glazing eyes.

The days of the deer were long ago when the Point was still a half wilderness, and the days of the fox and the wild duck are almost fallen into the past, for the place has become a fashionable resort, and is populous with deluded people who imagine themselves to be camping out. In fact, they live luxuriously in furnished cottages, with carpets on their floors and cushioned chairs, and have dinners of divers courses, with napery of fine linen and service of choice ware. I am told that they not only undress to go to bed at night, but that the women folk actually change their elegant apparel two or three times during the day. Poor souls! little they know of the freedom of real camp life, the comfort of one shabby suit that does service day and night, the disenthralment from the care of tableware, and the cleansing of many utensils from over-neatness and punctilious etiquette, but yet not from true politeness.

Scaffolded on mattressed bedsteads over carpeted floors, how shall they so much as guess what restful sleep comes to him who lies close to the bosom of mother earth, with naught between but a blanket and a litter of fragrant cedar twigs. What poor comradeship must there be among those who gather around a black stove, compared with such as encircle the genial blaze of a camp-fire, and how shall those feel themselves near to nature who are shut from the sky and the woods by wooden walls and roofs?

The best of camp-life is in escaping from the wearisome burdens of civilization and in some measure renewing the old relationship with nature.

The change has been even greater on the other side of the north bay at Cedar Beach, which has undergone a change of name as well as of character since the time when we followed fugitive foxes from Thompson's Point thither, or made fresh starts among the vulpine residents of its wild seclusion. It was known as McNeill's Point then, after its pioneer owner, who established a ferry just north of it, which was continued by his descendants with various craft—sloops, horse boats and a natty little steamboat. It was a famous thoroughfare until the building of the railroad, which revolutionized everything. Then there were no more great droves of cattle making leisurely progress toward Boston on the hoof, nor any longer much faring to and fro across the ferry on the business of traffic or visiting, and the idle ferryman and the guestless publican lounged on the rotting wharf in mutual condolence.

Yet the little wilderness on the Point, seldom invaded by human kind except the infrequent woodman, the more infrequent meditative woods lounger and the hunter, and throbbing in springtime with the beat of the partridge's drum, ringing all summer long with the songs of a multitude of birds, echoing in the golden days of autumn with the melody of hounds, still preserved its sylvan seclusion and kept its homely name, till it was discovered by some "hey duc" explorers, who rechristened it and made it fashionable.

Spick and span cottages, even elegant residences, are built upon its heights; a steamer comes to it regularly twice a day during the summer, and the thronged woods are noisy with gay pleasure-seekers.

It is all spoiled for us old-fashioned camp dwellers, but no more perhaps than our barbarous modes would spoil it for these dainty folk. I can imagine how their sensibilities would be shocked at the sight of our uncouth living, our lairs of boughs and blankets, our unnapered table, with the frying-pan serving for platter and common plate, no less than our sense of the fitness of things is hurt by this flaunting of fashion in the face of nature.

They wonder at our ways, we at theirs, being unable to understand what they can find in all that they enjoy to compensate for what we have lost—the freedom from care and conventionalities that were ours in these wild corners, when the click of the croquet ball, the incongruous jingle of pianos and the babble of human voices did not overbear the whispers of the wind in the trees, the songs of birds and the soft laps of waves on quiet shores.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

IN SAVAGE WILDS.

CIMARRON, Kan.—Dear reader, I want you to go with me in spirit to the banks of an almost unknown cañon near the Rocky Mountains. I want you to smell the soft, health-giving odor of the pinon and cedar in those rocky wilds; to sit in a nook and look down half a mile at what looks like a little brook at the bottom of that tremendous cañon; to feel the soft kiss and life-giving warmth of the glowing sun; to see the gray buck as he springs from his bed and, bounding off a few jumps as elastic as a rubber ball, pauses and looks back to snort defiance at his enemy, the dim, grass-colored hunter; to see the lordly old wild turkey, his feathers glistening in the rising sun like bronze armor, as he struts on his roosting limb and gobbles till the gloomy cañons ring again, and there from afar comes like an echo the distant notes of more than one rival, showing that you and I are rich in our heritage yet of God's best gifts to man. Yes, my friend, it's 1896 and they are not all gone yet, and will last our time. My boy can hunt in South America in years to come if all my old places are barren, so I don't despond even for him. There—I've taken a pretty big contract when I endeavor to make you see all that I have written of, but I'll try to fill it.

Every fall I grow uneasy. I sometimes try to fight it off—for I can't afford to lose a month from my business—but it steals over me more and more strongly, till I find ice on the pools in the morning and the old gray geese go calling away up in the sky like a pack of spirit hounds; and I can't stand it any longer. I must go. I must sleep on the ground. I must fry meat over an open fire. I must see my sheep (the deer) again.

It was November. My old hunting buggy—commonly called "Dick's mud wagon"—was thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Nothing short of a cyclone could faze it, so the blacksmith said. My .45-90 Winchester was resighted with Freund's sights, and I had made three shots into a dollar with it at 100yds. The tent is overhauled and mended. The horses are reshod. They are smooth and fat, and the spirit of mischief gleams from their eyes as they look at me when I step into the stable. My twelve-year-old boy looks at me with dreamy, retrospective eyes, and is so contented he doesn't talk much; for he is going too. He loves to hunt really better than I do; and it does me good to see how handy he is with a gun, and how he can dress game; to see him crawl like a cat when in pursuit of it, and how he gets there every time. God bless him! he will hunt many a lovely day when I am at rest.

Nov. 10 we started from Cimarron by buggy for a 300 mile drive to Miguel's ranch on Rita Azul—southwest over the sandhills and over miles and miles of prairie, arid, dun-colored and cold. The horses are kept at a steady jog trot. Willie lay awake pretty much all last night, he was so excited; and now he has curled down in a nest of blankets and sleeps, warm and cozy as a kitten, while the ponies tug at the bits and try to go faster all the time as we roll gayly along over the smooth hard road. At noon we stopped, and I took the bridles off the horses and had turned them loose to drink. We camped near a pool on the prairie, and while they cropped the sweet, crisp curly buffalo grass, I made coffee and warmed up some roast chicken from provision box No. 1, which is for the road. Will woke up when he heard the coffee-mill, and stretching out his head like a squirrel from his hole, inquired, "Where are we, father?"

"Thirty miles from Cimarron and nowhere in particular is all I can tell you, Will. Get out and fetch me some bread, the butter and some pickles, and we will eat dinner."

"That's real good chicken," said Will after he had eaten about half a big one. "Mother's an awful good cook, but I had rather eat deer meat and kill it myself."

After dinner Willie fed the horses a few oats while I washed up the dishes, and we started again. Will took his Winchester (a .44cal., model of '73) out of its case and looked at it lovingly. He had never killed anything but jack rabbits with it; and a shade passed over his face. "I'm afraid I can't kill deer with this."

"Don't worry, Will. You can and will kill a deer within two weeks with that gun. I have killed a carload with one just like it when I was a cowboy."

"Were you a real cowboy, father?"

"Yes, I think I was. I owned a stock of cattle for seven years, and was so successful with them that my Texan neighbors did not always love me as warmly as they might, if they had wanted to. We are going now straight to my old stamping ground, and I'll tell you a story every night after I get there of what we used to do."

And we trotted on till almost dark, and arrived at one of the most woebegone-looking little Kansas prairie towns that I ever had the misfortune to see. The little cluster of houses looked as if they had strayed off and got lost out there, and yet it had a kind of a don't-care-a-cent look about it after all, as if it wasn't much afraid to be out there all alone. Its name is Santa Fe.

We drove in and put our buggy in the stable, and then Willie and I carried our guns over to the hotel and also two pairs of blankets, for these frontier hotels are generally scarce of bed covers. Then we went back and covered the wagon sheet over the buggy and load, and tied it down tight so as to discourage inquisitive strangers. When we got back to the hotel supper was ready, and a wretchedly poor one too for a hungry man and boy; but Bill didn't grumble, and I was ashamed to. But the landlord was a gentleman, and owned up like a little man that the supper was poor. He said that we should have a better breakfast or that he would kill the cook. I told him not to do that, for I didn't believe that he would be good to eat if he did, for he looked thin and tough. Bill inquired of me privately, after we went to bed, about the cook. If that man killed the cook wouldn't they do anything to him out here, or was it too far from court? I explained to him that the landlord was only joking, and Bill seemed disappointed.

We went to bed early and I didn't sleep much; the bed was hard and nubbley. The wind rose soon after dark and the old barn of a house rocked and pitched and creaked like a ship at sea. I was nervous and longed to get up; but there was no stove in the room and I hated to go down-stairs and thump around in the office, so I lay and squirmed till toward morning, while Willie slept like a kitten. Finally I dozed off and Will woke me up, saying: "That man wants us to come to breakfast, and says he has got the best of that cook this time. Let's go down and see what he has done to him."

We found a nice breakfast awaiting us cooked by a master hand: Ham omelet, Saratoga chips, milk toast, stewed dried beef on toast and good strong coffee. "How did you make him cook like this?" I wonderingly inquired of the landlord, who beamed upon us coffee pot in hand. "Oh, I fixed him. I let him sleep and cooked this myself." I love that landlord. He is a good cook and a gentleman, and when he charged me $3 a few minutes later I told him that his breakfast alone was worth that. He looked at me candidly and said: "I wish I had charged you more, but I thought you would kick at $3." He gave me a cigar that I lit and almost immediately threw away, for it was not nice.

In ten minutes more we were rolling along toward the West. Another day over almost barren prairie, and we camped in a roofless sod house and drank water from a water hole. It was Will's first night in camp. We put up the tent inside the house and cooked a nice supper; and as he looked around at our cozy quarters he said that he didn't want to stop in hotels any more this trip.

We slept soundly, and it was late next morning when we started and drove southwest. Just before we reached the head of Two Butte Creek, Will called my attention to six objects about two miles ahead. Stopping and looking at them with the field glass, we saw that they were antelope. They were on a side hill sloping toward the east, near the trail that we were driving on.

The wind was blowing straight from us to them, and though I could have got a shot by driving straight for them, for an antelope won't run down wind when you scare him, yet Will was not strong enough to hold the horses after I had got them excited by running, so I had to employ different tactics. I drove south about two miles, and then drove west down into Two Butte Creek Valley, then north till I reached the trail. I knew that we were then west of the antelope and not over a mile from them. We picketed out the horses, which were steaming from their fast six-mile drive, unskinned the rifles, put on our leather pants to crawl on, and away we went. Will was trembling with excitement, and looked as if he was scared. I told him to crawl beside me 6ft. away, and shoot as soon as he saw the game, if they were within 200yds.; to aim sure and not to mind me.

We crawled to the top of the ridge, and there they were, about 150yds. away. Will shot the nearest, but too low, and I shot her as she gathered to run, and then I stopped, for I didn't want to carry much game on the road. I might have killed more, but what was the use? We ran to the doe, who was stone dead when we reached her—shot through the brisket by Will, and both shoulders smashed by my .45-90 ball. "I can hit them, can't I, papa? said Will, as he looked at the pretty two-year-old with glowing eyes. "I would have hit her if you hadn't shot, don't you believe so?" And I told him yes, and truthfully; for his first shot was a good one.

Will packed the guns and I the antelope to the buggy, and when I got there it felt as if it weighed 250lbs. We hitched up and drove to water, and soon you could have smelt the savory odor of fat antelope ribs as they sputtered over the fire. They smell even better than they taste.

That night we camped at Milligan's sheep ranch on Freeze-out Creek. No one was there, and the house had a board over the door with the following legend:

"BEwAIr oF sMaL pOx."

I am satisfied that it was a bluff, but I didn't want to camp in the house, and we passed a comfortable night in our tent. At daybreak we were on the move for the last day's drive, and with only a short stop at noon at last passed a little Mexican plaza, where more than one gave a Comanche yell of recognition as they saw me. Two miles from there we approached the foot of the Raton Mountains, went over the last ridge, and then Miguel's house was in sight. It looks like a big mud-wasp's nest. Luis, his son, came out and darted back into the house when we were yet a mile away, and I saw the gleam of the field glasses as Miguel inspected me. They both came out and as I drove up Miguel smiled a broad smile. He said, "By the grace of God, I am contented to see you once more. The deer are fat and plenty. The horses are doing well. Many colts."

Then Luis saw the antelope, and Willie said: "I killed that!" and from that time on the boys had a time. Will couldn't talk Mexican, and Luis, a boy of sixteen, small for his age, couldn't talk English; but they could understand each other somehow, generally; and when they didn't Miguel or I had to interpret. Before I fairly had the horses unhitched Will had got a long box out of the load and extracted a .44cal. Winchester for Luis, and the boy had got it in his hands and looked at it as if in a dream. Will took a belt full of cartridges from the gun box and Luis put it on—I never saw him without it in his waking hours. "The gun and belt are yours, Luis, and you and Will can hunt together when you please." I told Will what I had said, and those ridiculous boys got up ponies and started at once for the hills. As they rode away I told Luis to get in by dark, and they came back in about two hours and both talking at once. Will informed me that he could outshoot Luis. They had gone off into a valley up in the hills and shot at a mark most of the time.

Inez, Miguel's mother-in-law, cooked us a fancy supper of broiled antelope and eggs with chili, and we settled down for the night.

The next day we branded colts and straightened up our business affairs. Then commenced preparations for a camp hunt into the Trinchara Pochet, a piece of country that lies straight south of Las Animas, and which it is hard to beat as a game country, but is very rough. The next day we struck out—I with my buggy, and Miguel, Will and Luis on horseback. Twenty-five miles north landed us on the east bank of the Purgatoire Cañon, in a little valley near a beautiful spring. Not a soul lived within twenty-five miles, and the game is tame, comparatively speaking.

The horses were fed and picketed with long ropes on good grass, the tent was up and supper was soon going. We ate at once, and then all started for a little evening hunt, Will and I together, for he is a little fellow and I feel somewhat like a hen with one chicken when I have him out. We were on the high land on the east bank of the Purgatoire Cañon. The country is rolling and park-like; there is timber in clumps, then a little prairie, then a hollow with a fringe of timber on each side of it, and so on. We went south and sneaked up-wind through the scanty timber like ghosts. Both wore rubbers. When we came to the fringe of timber on the edge of the hollow a big buck rose up quietly on the other side and walked behind a cedar tree. We were only 50yds. from him, but we couldn't see him. I sat down and told Will to sit and get ready. I could hear Will quiver with excitement, but I dared not look at him, for I feared that the buck would break cover on the jump, and I meant to get him if I could. But no; he at last got curious and stepped out in full sight, turned breast toward us, and looked at us with his head on one side out of one eye; and William shot him twice in the sticking place and once through the nose before he could fall down, and then he turned flipflops like a big rabbit, and the main thing I had come to Colorado for was accomplished. Will wanted to shoot him some more, but I stopped him with "Don't shoot, Will, you have killed him," and we went down and I let Will bleed him; and Will crowed and talked like a millrace. I left Will to guard the game and I went to camp, got the buggy and went back to the deer. It was a big lift to get him into the buggy; but I finally got him in and we went to camp. Miguel had got in with Luis. They had some rabbits which they were frying, and we ate another supper. They had killed another deer.

The next morning the boys went hunting and saw deer, but didn't get any; and Luis promised the Virgin Mary 2½lbs. of candles of good quality and not to cost less than 50 cents if she would let Will and him kill two deer apiece that morning. Miguel told me privately that he didn't believe the Virgin could or would do such a big thing so cheap.

Will went with me at 3:30 P. M. and we saw several deer, but didn't get a shot, and I came to camp and made a canned peach pie and fried 8lbs. of Miguel's doe; and then Miguel came in and they had another deer that Luis had shot. He said that he was a boy of his word and would burn 15 cents' worth of candles in honor of the Virgin when he got home. Which he did; and I played casino with Miguel by the light of them.

We started for home the next morning and got there with steaming horses before noon.

The day after we got back to the ranch I concluded to go over into the Cimarron Cañon, a distance of about ten miles, and get some buckskins, which I had heard that a Mexican had got together by purchase, barter and otherwise. Will preferred to stay at the ranch and go turkey hunting with Luis. Miguel stayed at home to go with the boys and take care of them, and I struck out alone with the buggy and my ponies. I found my man all right, and bought 64lbs. of buckskins, well tanned and smoked, for a three-year-old horse and $14; loaded them into the buggy and started back. As I was driving slowly past a Mexican house on my return a woman came to the door and looked out. It was a white woman and I thought I knew her. I stopped, got out and walked up to her. "How do you do, Mrs. Wagner?"

She drew herself up and said: "My name is not Wagner and I don't know you."

"Didn't you cook for me in Cimarron four years ago?"

"No, sir, my name is Jones and I am from Missouri." And she turned and walked into the house.

I got back into the buggy and rode off, and found out that I was mistaken and that the woman was named Jones; but it was a disappointment, for I know of over $700,000 that is waiting for Mrs. Carrie Wagner, formerly of New York State, who came to Kansas about eight years ago and cooked for me. She disappeared or rather went away, and I could never hear of her whereabouts or her heirs since. Well, this world is a large one, and we may get lost ourselves some day. But it was she, I think.

Miguel and the boys were gone when I got in and Inez fed me chili and beans and a great, thick, juicy broiled venison chop broiled over live coals. It was getting dark and she made a curious figure as she sat looking into the open fire. Her seat was a sheepskin on the floor, and she tore the broiled meat from a deer rib with strong white teeth and looked into the fire with wicked, bright, black eyes, seeming to forget that she was not alone. "What are you thinking of, Inez?"

"Of the boys. I can feel that they are almost here and they have game."

In a few minutes, sure enough, in they came with two big old gobblers, and both of them talking at once, Luis to his grandmother, who looked at him proudly, Will to me. "You ought to have been with us to-day; we had such a good time. It smells so good up in the cañon in the pines, and we saw two flocks of turkeys. Luis killed his out of the first flock and I got mine at the roost after dark. Isn't he a beauty?" And he was indeed. We weighed him at once and he pulled down 24½lbs. Luis's bird weighed 20lbs. flat. Miguel soon came in and they made the beans and meat suffer. I think my boy Bill is hollow clean down to his toes. Luis had used my Winchester shotgun after the turkeys, but said that he preferred his rifle.

Soon we were all settled for the night, every one asleep but me, and I dropped off too.

Well, we hunted more, and at last telegrams found me and I had to go home, and the road was long, and I drove fast; and at last I saw my wife in the door, and the other children were glad to see me, and I put on the derby hat and the chain harness of civilization and took up the burden of life once more. *Au revoir. Hasta la manana.*

W. J. DIXON.

IN THE CASCADES.—II.

The Waldo Lake Country.

(Continued from page 343.)

CHRISTY had made previous arrangements by letter for pack horses; but "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley," and in this particular instance Christy's scheme for pack horses went sadly a-gley. The man with whom he had contracted lived six or seven miles up or down the Santiam. It mattered little to us whether he lived up or down or at all, for the horses did not materialize and Christy was correspondingly mad. Mears took advantage of the opportunity, of course, to even up with Christy on some previous proposition, and caustic and unseemly remarks were freely indulged in by both. The natives all looked for a scrap, but they didn't know the boys as well as Mead and I did, and when Christy commenced to air his literary attainments by quoting from some old author, "Be it your unerring rule ne'er to contradict a fool," and Mears had responded, Mead closed the argument by cocking his gun.

Horses we must have, and Christy, as usual, was equal to the occasion. Luckily he soon found a skookum young fellow by the name of Ed Myers who had a fine brown mare, and he in turn found a little roan cayuse about as big and about as useful as a goat; the packs were adjusted, and we were soon on our way to Waldo Lake. Myers accompanied us to look after the horses and the packing. He had never seen the lake, and he probably wishes now that he had never been induced to go. I have been through and through the Black Hills, pretty thoroughly investigated the Rockies, camped for weeks in the Coast Range, hunted and fished for many years in various parts of the Cascades, but in all my experience I have never before seen such a trail to take pack horses over as the upper part of the trail into the Waldo Lake country. A man or set of men that would take a horse over that trail, knowing its character, ought to be prosecuted for cruelty to animals, and I hereby tender my gratuitous services to the prosecution. Fox told us to go by way of the hot springs. He said it was a little longer trail, but that we would gain by it, and besides he didn't think it possible to get a horse in by the shorter trail. But Christy had decided to go in by the shorter trail, and, as Mead put it, he would go in that way even if he had to carry the horse in on his back, while Mears declared that such obstinacy and perverseness ought to be punished in some way that would not involve the innocent.

The first part of the trail over to and along the Brightenbush was more than an ordinarily rough mountain trail, but Christy's only answer to our unfavorable comments was: "Boys, this is a sidewalk compared with the P. Warmer above Stink Creek." This was encouraging to fellows already dripping with perspiration when they were not shivering with fear. We took those horses along precipitous trails, where I would not want goats to go if they were worth more than a nickel a head. Stink Creek! P. Warmer! Euphonious names surely, and evidently founded on fact, and we kept wondering what the facts were. But an all-wise Providence had decreed that we should remain in blissful ignorance of Stink Creek and the P. Warmer for that day. All that day we traveled up the Brightenbush, sometimes along the stream through the finest timber I ever saw, except at the head of Deep Creek in the Coast Range; sometimes along shelving walls so far above the stream that we could hardly hear its roar; and sometimes, well, somewhere in ethereal space between earth and moon. Christy had announced the previous evening that by taking this shorter route we would get through in one day. Doubtless it was a case of the wish being father to the thought. At any rate, night overtook us just as we reached the mouth of Stink Creek, and we camped right in the deep forest. An acre of that timber standing in Iowa would make any man rich.

The only serious trouble with this camp was the fact that there was no provender for the horses, and they must have been tired and hungry both, for they had been heavily packed and had had a hard day of it jumping logs and keeping their feet in dangerous places.

When Mead went for water he instinctively went over to Stink Creek instead of the Brightenbush. Curiosity will be the death of that boy yet. Doubtless he wanted to find out what gave it the name, even if it choked the whole crowd to death. Of course he found only the very finest of mountain water, and when he returned he reported the fact. "Well," said Myers, "I'll tell you what gave it the name. Some time ago a party of fellows camped about where we are camping to-night, and one of them shot an elk just a little way above. It fell in the creek and he dressed it right there, and when one of the tenderfeet went to the creek he found a condition that suggested a name for the creek, and that name has stuck to it to this day, except that when they came to put the name on the map they modified it a little and just called it Stink Creek."

"I understood that we were to be at Waldo Lake for our camp to-night," said Mears with an emphasis and inflection only used by him when his remarks were intended for Christy.

"Well," said Christy, "we are here and we can't be any herer," and the general silence that followed this wise declaration only seemed to emphasize it.

Night shut down quickly, and we had scarcely unpacked the horses and swallowed a quick supper before it was pitch dark. Then came the camp-fire, pipes, stories, and lastly blankets, just as of old, and which always have been, are now and always will be the most enjoyable parts of mountain trips. And when the camp-fire has burned low, and quiet repose is restoring sorely taxed energies, how natural it is to lie there looking up at the peeping, half hidden stars, listening to the commingling voices of the forest and contemplating the marvelous symmetry and wondrous beauty of nature and her works. The giant pines and firs seem whispering stories to each other of the past, and you vainly try to hear. The gurgle of the stream and the sigh of the night wind modestly vie with each other in soothing your weary brain and softening the voices of the night that are singing their sleepy lullabies in your drowsy ear. Gradually the eyelids fall, imperceptibly the nerves relax, and sleep "dims the sweet look that nature wears."

No time was lost next morning in getting under way, for we were all anxious to reach the lake, for many reasons, more particularly for the reason that the poor horses would have nothing to eat until they arrived there. But it was nearly night before Christy's shorter route brought us to our destination. And let me assure the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that we found out all about Stink Creek and the P. Warmer before we got there. If I felt in my heart that I was forgiven for the wrong that I was partly instrumental in perpetrating upon those poor horses on that trip, I would take a solemn oath that—well, that I am likely to do the same thing again the next time that some idiot asks me to. It was a hot day—yes, a very hot day—and whenever we left the shadows and got out on the precipitous mountain sides, where the sun could strike us, I imagined that I could smell brimstone. Possibly Stink Creek got its name from some other fool that went by Christy's shorter route to Waldo Lake on a very hot day. If the creek had never been named until now, I could tell you easily enough how it got its suggestive appellation. Christy is very fond of Worcestershire sauce. We had all objected to any such encumbrances, but he had sneaked a bottle into Mead's fish basket, and we carried our baskets to relieve the horses. Mead and I were bringing up the tail of the procession and sweating like butchers. Every now and then Mead would wipe the perspiration from his manly face and with a sort of saintly resignation declare that in all his life he had never sweat so before. He kept asking me if I observed any peculiar odor. I thought I did, and after a while it became so pronounced that we concluded that he might be in a serious condition, and an immediate investigation was decided upon. Then we proceeded to investigate. On one side his pants were in a condition that suggested that something might be wrong in the fish basket, and so we examined the contents. The stopper had come out of Christy's Worcestershire bottle and the peculiar odor was easily accounted for.

We arrived at the foot of the P. Warmer early in the afternoon. It was all and even more than we had anticipated. Geographically it was about three miles high, semi-perpendicular, and the last and loftiest step to Waldo Lake by the Christy shorter route. Geologically it was loose shale or what is commonly known as broken shell rock. Meteorologically it was the hottest climb on earth. If it derived its name from some old settler, the present generation might find some relief if his first name had been written in full. Of course, the P. could not have stood for Pity, Patience, Piety, or any of those gentler feminine names, but it might have stood for Peter'd, Pedestrian or some such name. If it derived its given name from physical characteristics, it is entitled to all the alliterative P's descriptive or even suggestive of such an infernal place. The boys think, however, that its name was the result of spontaneous combustion in Christy's over-heated imagination, and has no particular significance. At any rate, the P. Warmer is a Jim Dandy and no mistake.

Before commencing the ascent we left all the packs except a few blankets, a little grub and the fishing rods, all of which were strapped on Ed's big brown mare. The little roan had to be helped up without any pack.

There is an element of suffering in sympathy, and I shall spare FOREST AND STREAM readers the sympathetic pains of our ascent. The big brown mare fell once and rolled over five times—some of the boys said six, but a turn or two doesn't matter—and brought up against a rock fifty feet below. We all thought she was surely killed; but she hadn't a scratch, and her fall didn't even start a ferrule on the rods. But the bread box bursted and left ample evidence of some kind of catastrophe. After three long hours' climbing we reached the summit, looked over among the shadows beyond, whence came a breath of refreshing coolness, and we appreciated the fact that at last we were at Waldo Lake. S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE ON THE KANKAKEE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 16.—In these days of literary and artistic activity there is continuous search for new fields where there may perchance be obtained those indefinite things vaguely called types, color and atmosphere. So ingenious have been the writers and artists, and so judicious the editors of the great thought mills, that at times the conviction is forced upon one that all the fields, types, colors and atmospheres—except the good ones—must long ago have been exhausted. Local dialect and local realism have done a great deal for the literature of this country, because they have made everybody want something else. At times this realism is so unreal as to be grotesque, but it goes just the same, because the people who do the reading don't know anything about the new "field" which is exploited, and the people of the "field" do not do the reading. Any one must at different times have seen in the monthly magazines of the land bits of local color which were things for wonderment. Any old new field is worth a hundred dollars if one can add a guarantee that no former pen has ever tilled it. On this basis it seems to me that "Chicago and the West" ought to be worth $100 this week to anybody, or perhaps, more accurately speaking, worth an additional $100 to anybody on account of the literary tip it contains about a new field.

It is a great deal nicer to be a newspaper man than it is to be anything else, as of course everybody knows; but what I want is a partner, a writer, a man who wears kid gloves and unbagged trousers, and who has the *entrée* to the literary chutes which lead on to fame and plunks. Such a man I am willing, for the sum of $50—a fair divide—to take into a half interest in my new field, in which I promise him a good line of types, an assorted lot of color and atmosphere a plenty. He can make his own dialect. They usually do, you know.

In order to show good faith on my part I presume I should give some more specific mention of my field. It is no less than the great Kankakee country of Indiana. So far as I know, there has never been any literary handling of this unique and distinct field, which, as is so often the case with good things, has been right at hand all the time.

The Kankakee Marsh country is a bit of the world entirely apart from the rest of the universe. It is inhabited by a class of people out of the ordinary—uncommon, peculiar. This class has held its own peculiarities for generations, after the waves of other days and other customs have swept by and entirely surrounded it. We might expect to find types so strong a thousand miles away in an undiscovered country, in the mountains in Carpathia, in Africa, in the valleys of the Rockies, or the pine woods of the far unsettled South; but who would look for them within fifty miles of the second city in the whole country, where a gathering of the wonderful and beautiful things of the civilization of the world remains a fresh memory? In the middle of affairs, in the path of cities, on the edge of world's fairs, the Kankakee country has held its own, very much less changed in the same time than have been Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, California. The marsh dweller of the Kankakee has indeed been a type for you. He has not changed. He has stuck to his environment, and the environment has been stern enough to keep out the world, including writers.

Very far be it from me to ridicule in the least way the typical marsh dweller of the Kankakee country. One might laugh at a wealthy city man, who has achieved all the failures which go with what is called success, but never, if he understood his man, would he laugh at the marsh man, for here he would have a character enduring and bold and manly enough to stand up by itself, a character of strength and independence enough to command the respect of any one who saw it well enough to understand it. The city man is afraid of a policeman, and has a dread of the law. The marsh man is afraid of no one, and does not know what the law is. The city man is solicitous of fashion plates, but the clothes of his fathers are good enough for the marsh dweller. The city man would know always what are the ways of others. The marsh man cares not at all, for his own ways are good enough for him. He does his own thinking and is himself all the way through. This he has been for many years, in the meantime there having passed quite away such types as the Western hunter and trapper and scout and explorer, now applauded as belonging to the picturesque past, when men had to be men to make a living.

Life on the Kankakee was never exactly a bed of roses. The baby that opened its eyes first upon the wide seas of grass and the low blue ridges of timber land could not have had the gift of prophecy or it would never have been satisfied, and would have hustled back home on the trailing cloud of glory with which Mr. Wordsworth tells us babies come hitherward. Perhaps the baby hustled back anyhow before long, for the malaria of these swamps was ever potent against the young. The father of the family bought quinine by the bottle when he sold his game in town, and whisky according to his lights on the questions of domestic economy. At night the cold white mist of the malarious river region lay like a blanket of death over the land. He who survived this for a lifetime was lean, wrinkled, toughened and yellowed. His children were suggestions leading up to that conclusion irresistibly, according to their different ages.

The genuine Kankakee Marsh man never did any work. Of course, since the days of modern sportsmanship on those marshes he has been the boat pusher for sportsmen at the clubs or elsewhere, but it never was any work for one of these men to push a boat. Oars or a paddle he despised, but though you watched him all day long pushing his boat up the swift rush of the stream or over the marsh where it seemed a boat could not go, you could never see any distress in his movements or any hurry in his steady sweep of the long push paddle. That was no work, for he was born to it. His environment meant that he must learn it. The little house he had on the high ground near the river cost small labor to put up, and once up it lasted for a long time. Its furnishing cost little, for never was life more primitive than here. Perhaps there was a cow or two, more or less amphibious and web-footed creatures, but these required no care to speak of, nor did the swine which made their company about the yard. A little hay was made, but this not strenuously. A little wood was cut when the fire was out. A little food was on hand when meal times came, or if it was not it was easily to be had with net or spear or gun. Work as we know it there was not. The "farm" could not be farmed. Everywhere was the river, the marsh, dominating all with its monotone of theme. Even, flat, uneventful, yet strong, was the flow of life on the Kankakee. The marsh man dwelt apart, and so had time to think, as does the settler of the mountains or the plains. So he gained individuality, vigor of character, strength of type, if you will. He troubled not the schools with his children, for it was far across the marsh, and he did not wish his kind to mingle very much with those who dwelt upon the high ground and who thus were objects of suspicion. Churches he had none. At times he and his sons went to a dance, and there danced or perhaps cheerfully fought, as was made necessary by the ethics of the marsh. It is the attitude of folly to say off-hand that the ethics of the marsh are wrong and ours are right. Nothing is actually right when you catch it outside its own dooryard. The dooryard of the marsh man was the same for generations.

There never was at any time or in any country a class of men who more truly lived off the gifts of wild nature than did and do the native dwellers of the Kankakee. In earlier days they were accused of taking a few horses now and then, and the marshes at that day no doubt harbored many bands of lawless men who might better have been out of the country, though nowadays all that is changed. The marsh man of the Kankakee is not dishonest. He might fight a little if you transgressed his notions of etiquette at a dance, but he was not actively bad. He would not steal from his neighbor, because, partly, his neighbor had nothing worth stealing. He would not grow angry easily, but if you had committed what to him seemed the great crimes he would calmly kill you perhaps. Certainly he would not have you arrested, for with the law he had no concern. These men had their own notions about law. I say it with no disrespect and with no wish to deride them, but rather with a feeling of admiration, that probably no more lawless a class of men ever lived in the land than these marsh men of the Kankakee. Yet they were not troublesome, they were not criminals, they were not openly endangering the rights of others. They wanted nothing the outside world might have, but they insisted that the outside world had no right to tell them what they should do. For law, as law, there never was any respect or awe whatever on the Kankakee, nor will you to-day find it there. Yet you may find a simple-minded and straightforward people, generous to the last degree, hospitable as any of the country, free with what little they have and not in the least churlish or disobliging. The marsh man is contented to let you live as you like. He does not worry about you at all. He is not looking for types. He only asks to be let alone.

The Kankakee native was always a hunter, a fisher and a trapper, and such he is even to-day. No better shot at wildfowl ever lived. He began in youth to shoot and so

had that perfect skill which never comes to the late beginner. He did not kill his ducks part of the time, but all the time. If a bird was too far to kill he did not shoot at it. Never was there a man who more perfectly understood the animals he pursued. He was as much at home on the marsh as they. Where the city shooter would not dream of venturing on the quaking bog he trod with fearless heart, knowing just what spot was safe to step upon and what was not. He was as weatherwise as the wild goose. He knew by instinct which way the wind would blow, what day the ducks would fly, which way they would feed. Cunning and secretive and politic withal in these later days, he pushes you now wherever you prefer to go; but he does not tell which way he would go, if it were in the old days, and if the flight were coming in, and if the wind were as it is to-day, and if he himself were alone out on the marsh. Never in his heart of hearts has the Kankakee River pusher learned any actual respect for the city men he takes out shooting. He takes their money and endures their advice or orders and does his day's work faithfully, and stands the torture of witnessing bad shooting, but down in his heart he must be always thinking "What a duffer this fellow is!" Externally he is always polite. Without his aid would half the good bags be made we read about? I trow nit. It is the pusher who gets the boat into the mallard hole, and it is his eye that marks to a hair the place where the dead birds fall, and who goes out to them, walking on his paddle laid down sometimes, and springing on and forward always just ahead of the line of sucking bog that chases his feet hungrily. While the sportsman shivers bundled up in his sweater, the pusher is warm with his shirt collar open. He does not mind the rain or a bit of snow or ice now and then. This sort of man I admire. On many and many an occasion, when the boats start out over the marsh from the club houses, the sportsman is the man in the stern of the boat.

In the days before the sportsmen came on the marsh the marsh man was a market shooter, and he remains such to-day. He has not and never will have any respect for the laws alleged to protect fish and game. He does not tell you what laws to make about your sheep and cattle, and he does not care what laws you pass about taking care of his fish and game. There has come down to him from his ancestors the American feeling of ownership in the wild game of the country. Heredity has given him the sense of rightfulness in his intention of taking the game and fish when his necessities dictate. He does not farm or labor for hire, and he must live, and here is all this means of living about him upon which his father lived, and his father before him. Who shall say him nay? The marsh is wide. Detection is impossible. The law is something very far. There is no argument about this.

There are many ways of making a living along the strange Kankakee country which are not known to the city dwellers. Our marsh man, now grown, let us say, into a slender, sallow-faced, stooped, sinewy and strong young man, knows every secret of the earth and water of his country, and so he lives, representing the fittest, who have survived there. In the spring he shoots ducks, of course, as long and late and as early and steadily as he can. Meantime he meets the first run of the pike and the wall-eyes as soon as the ice is out, and diligently spears and nets them to his great satisfaction. He has a few set lines out all the time he is along the river. He also nets turtles steadily—something you never heard about, perhaps, but which he finds remunerative. He traps muskrats till the weather gets too warm, of course, and knows all the ditches and river bends and cut-offs where these animals are best to be found. He shoots jacksnipe when they appear in the spring, and big yellowlegs, and all birds that bring any price in the market—none which do not sell well. He has a bad time in the summer for a while, but then he goes to gathering mushrooms—another thing the city man does not know, though this is quite an industry too along the Kankakee. The marsh man eats dogfish now, in tender faith that the Kankakee will not betray him, but bring to him only things fit and good for him. The stranger that visits him when he has dogfish for dinner will perhaps not be happy, for unless dogfish is well cooked it tastes like a mouthful of raw cotton and feels like a piece of sponge.

By the end of June or earlier the marsh man is out shooting woodcock, and making one of his best harvests of the year—one of which he is always very slow to talk, for it is well to be careful about giving away a gold mine. Incident to the woodcock shooting is that of killing the young wood ducks which breed along the river. These illegal birds bring the best prices.

By July the young prairie chickens are big enough to shoot, and these bring great prices too in the city. There are a good many chickens still along these great marshes, and in regard to them there is very little law in force. There are wild grapes of a fine sort ripe by summer time, and many berries. There are frogs to sell too, and sometimes the marsh man sells these, though not often, except the big bullfrogs, which of course he hunts, because they always bring a good price in the markets.

By August the young illegal teal are ready to shoot, and by September the plover are about, and also the jacksnipe again, and the rails and some ducks. I have told in another article how the marsh man hunts rails with his cur dog, and how he sometimes sells bitterns for "English partridges." He hunts now regularly for snipe and ducks especially. When he goes out on the marsh to shoot he takes his lunch with him—bread covered with honey. The honey he got out of a bee tree, of which there are many along the Kankakee River, though you do not hear the native dwellers say much about it. In the fall also there are many mud hens, and these the marsh man eats as steady diet. At times he has a bit of raccoon, for the cur dog is a good one to trail a coon or a squirrel, as well as a crippled duck or a king rail on the marsh.

In the late fall, when the ducks have gone South, the marsh man may get a few shots at quail along the thickets, sometimes killing a dozen or so at a shot. He begins now to trap for skunks, raccoons, and the like in the woods. At rare times he sees signs of an otter, and if the otter is to live through the winter he will live it at another part of the country. Trapping for muskrats of course goes on out on the marsh all fall. Then comes cold weather, and only the current of the river or the ditches keep the ice from covering everthing over the marsh. The native hunter knows yet another thing or two. He knows that the big marshes of the Kankakee are famous grounds for mink, and he takes the faithful cur dog and goes out after mink, hunting along the ditch banks and under turned sods, where some man has been foolish enough to plow a bit. Last winter he killed 125 mink this way, he tells you, and the winter before eighty-five. This winter the old dog is getting a little old. He does not know whether he will do so well as 100 mink or not, but he hopes so.

In the winter time a wolf may come in over the frozen marsh, and if he does he is sure to be trapped. The thousands of cottontail rabbits make an easy source of food supply, but they do not bring anything in the markets or they would all be shot. The white egrets which used to come to the roost in the heart of the swamp were long ago shot off. Anything which can be sold in the markets is shot, no matter what the season, and many birds, it is sure, are used for the city markets, of which the reticent pusher does not always tell you. If the prairie chickens band up and roost in the timber in winter they are shot, and if they roost on the grass lands they are trapped. There is no sort of wild game whatever, or of wild creature or product having available quality for the table or market, which is not laid under tribute constantly by this sharp-eyed marsh man from season to season of the whole year. Sharp indeed must be his eye, and sure his hand, and keen his faculties, thus to live at this day of the century. Yet it is no romancing to say that many of these men do live thus, and with little or no other work from one end of the year to the other. They count more or less upon the sportsman trade that comes to them. Some of them keep rude little hostelries, where sportsmen can put up, and here the head of the family 'tends house when too old to shoot. He may charge a dollar a day for board, and his son will charge two dollars or so a day to push you on the marsh, and a boat is rented now and then, or a horse and wagon hired to a shooting party, so that in one way or another the marsh man makes a living. He will tell you with pride that one year he took in $300 at his place. Some of the most independent of the marsh men are the boat pushers who live near some of the shooting clubs. For three or four months in the year these men have fairly steady work at $2 to $3 a day and their board. These men are very often manly and intelligent fellows, with a smattering of experience and life, and open, pleasant manners. They are gradually losing type and becoming changed to the humdrum of workaday existence. They may chop wood in winter, which certainly an old-time Kankakee man never would have done. Of farming they cannot do much, for the land does not permit it. What could such a man do in the hot competition of modern town life? He feels his fitness for the life on the marsh, his unfitness for any other life, and it is small wonder if he views with a growing sullenness the encroachments of the farms and fences which now begin to hem him in.

Without over-drawing or exaggeration, we may say a large class of men have long lived as above described on the marsh country of the Kankakee, a strip of ground say 150 miles by 5, 10 or 25 in width, as it overlaps into other marsh country. If my friend, the writer, would find his field and his types, let him not delay too long. All this must change. Within the last ten years the big land companies have been buying up the cheap marsh lands along the Kankakee. At first they were laughed at, but there now appears the craft and waiting ability of the capitalist. Great ditches cross the marsh in many ways. Hay making is followed as a regular industry, and hundreds of cattle have been ranged on these marshes in the last few years.

This month yet a new place seems to have been found for the wild Kankakee marsh land in the products of civilization. The dispatches say this very week:

"Chicago capitalists have secured options on several thousand acres of land in La Porte and adjacent counties, this large area being located in the Kankakee region, for establishment of an industry that promises to revolutionize a branch of the paper-making industry.

"It is said that experiments have demonstrated that by a new process an excellent quality of binding twine and building and roofing paper can be made out of the long grass that stretches away for miles in the Kankakee swamps.

"The process is controlled by a syndicate of capitalists, and it is proposed to develop a new industry on a large scale by the establishment of a number of plants."

No other body of wild land could have been in the entire country found so near a big city. The land was bound to be used. Many railroads now cross the marsh, of course, and now telephone lines are building over it, and pipe lines from the oil fields of Indiana. The tilled farms come down to the edge of the marsh, and more and more they eat into the wide sea of waving grass which for so long has been uncrossed by the craft of modern ways, which has held within its secret places a people who were of themselves, a class distinct and notable. These people to-day look on with their hands in their pockets as they see these things coming on, apathetic, in a way also sullen. I have heard them ask bitterly, "What chance has a poor man to-day?" And indeed what is his chance? What are his prospects as he looks into the America of to-day—this man, this American pure and simple?

This year the old Kankakee went back to the customs of other days. The floods came over the land again and the ditches were futile. Where last year there were tons of hay standing, this year the rail and snipe are flying. On the edge of the marsh the eager plows of the farmers last year had been turning the earth, seeking for a place to put a seed which should bring forth an ear or so of food. Last year there were cornfields where this year the tall, rank marsh grass has sprung up and covered the earth again, so that only here and there, over the tops of the strong, red rushes and broad-leaved grasses can there be seen a faint and faded white tassel of corn, held up like a hand beckoning distress out of a sea of despair. One year of water eats up a dozen years of drought and ditching. The marsh creeps and crawls and grasps for itself strongly, always thinking of the past it once knew and cherished.

One of these marsh friends of mine and myself were looking out over the marsh together a few days ago, both of us silent. At last I said: "The old river is claiming her own again, isn't she?" Something like a gleam of satisfaction and triumph crossed his white-brown face as he said slowly: "She holds her own." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Natural History.

HUMMINGBIRDS IN THE WINDOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Akenside painted the "Pleasures of Imagination" in glowing colors and thereby gained his only moiety of fame. Now let some one who is hankering after that elusive stuff take for his theme the "Pleasures of Lying," and if his genius is equal to the task he has an equal chance for immortality.

Some scribblers seem to think that if they haven't sound material to build a story with they are privileged to manufacture what they need to make it interesting, and this innocent lying is indulged in so very freely that I imagine there must be lots of pleasure in it.

Some time ago I was wicked enough to chuckle over a bit of work in the Natural History column of FOREST AND STREAM, wherein it was stated that a pair of tame hummingbirds had a little disagreement about bathing, and that the bather would take the other by the hindleg and drag him into the saucer of water! If inventing it gave the writer as much pleasure as the story gave me I do not blame her in the least for writing it, though as an instructor in natural history I hardly think she's "in it."

And now comes another, from the *Home Journal*, which in its flights of fancy fully equals it. It is headed "Hummingbirds can be Tamed," and then relates two cases, one of which was that some of them were kept for some time in the window of Mr. Taylor's restaurant on Broadway, and that they drew a constant crowd.

This was so improbable that the temptation to investigate it was irresistible, and I asked Mr. Taylor whether he served up hummingbirds at his tables. He blandly smiled when I told the story and said that no such attraction was ever in his window.

The other part is not so easy to investigate, as the lady's name and address is not given. It states (not under oath) that she kept the little imaginative creatures in her parlor, and that among their other wonderful doings they built their nests in her lace curtains and hatched out lots of young ones! What could be more interesting? I regret that the little rascals spoiled her curtains, but there need be no loss in such a case. If she had taken her scissors and cut out the piece of curtain with the nest attached she might have sold the curiosity at almost any price. It may be that she has preserved it, and if so I hereby offer to contribute $100 to the "Society for the Promotion of Lying" if she will merely let me feast my eyes with a look at it.

I read in one of our magazines some months ago a chapter on "Hummingbirds" by a writer who showed a thorough knowledge of her subject in every line, but she could have enjoyed none of the "pleasures of imagination" in writing it. DIDYMUS.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Oct. 13.

THE HORNSNAKE.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years I have taken great interest in trying to find exactly what underlying truth there is for the many stories of the horned snake which survive in tradition and occasionally appear in the daily papers, often with apparently ample authentication.

The father of all the stories (not the snakes) I found in an old "Report to the Lords Proprietors of the Carolinas," published in London over two hundred years ago. This able-bodied progenitor of myths stated that this country was the habitat of a snake whose tail was a poisoned horn or spike; that it took its tail in its mouth, and, making a hoop of its body, rolled after its victim; but the victim always escaped by jumping behind a tree, into which the snake drove its horn so that it could not draw it out, and snake and tree died together, the tree shriveling up to a sapling.

Of course, that story is a little robust for this century; but I have met a number of educated and intelligent persons who profess to have themselves seen snakes with one or more of the following peculiarities: (a) With horn tips to their tails; (b) with disposition to strike with this horn as a weapon; (c) with a sting like a bee's in the horn.

Now, it is a fact that no recognized naturalist has ever described in this or any other country any true snake with a true horn on its tail, or with any sting in its tail, horn or no horn. And if there is no true horn or sting the motions interpreted as efforts to use the tail as a weapon lose all significance and must be set down as accidental contortions.

Chambers's Encyclopedia does indeed describe two snakes as having tails "terminated with a spine instead of a rattle." They are called the *Trigonocephalus rhodostoma* of Java and the *Lachesis mutus* of Tropical America. But, on the authority of Prof. True, of the National Museum, it may be stated that the so-called spines are only the usual harmless horny caps found on nearly all snakes, and that that on the Java snake is about the same as that on our common copperhead, to which both the other snakes are related. That on the *Lachesis* is the longest on any known snake, but is only the harmless scaly cap after all—not used as a weapon or capable of such use.

But while there is no true snake with any true horn, there are true snakes with apparent horns, and there are also apparent snakes with true horns; and in every apparently authentic story of a horned snake which I have ever been able to trace either the horn or the snake turned out to be only apparent. Of course I bar young rattlesnakes, the sprouting of whose rattle is a horny button, but not a horn in the sense of this discussion.

Now let me explain the apparent horns and apparent snakes which have deceived casual observers, and your readers can then each investigate for himself any case he meets or hears of, and determine whether or not he has discovered something new in natural history. And if anyone is so lucky, do let him put it in whisky and preserve it, lest it be forever lost—like the cause of the aurora borealis, which a college student once told his professor that he did know, but had forgot. If you ever find the true horned snake don't let him be lost.

The apparent horn sometimes found on true snakes will only impose upon one who has very small ideas of horns. The scales of a snake are true horny substance, and where the tail tapers down to a fine point the last tenth

of an inch or so is indeed nearly all solid horny material of overlapping scales. But such a merely scaly tip is not properly to be called a horn in the ordinary sense of the word. I once had in my possession for a month a snake said by its captor to have not only the horn, but a sting in it. It had no more the one than the other. It was only a common *Farancia abacura*, bluish black, with some red bars across the abdomen. It came from Louisiana, and that species, both there and in Florida, is popularly supposed to have the horned tail, and perhaps a sting in it. Consequently many persons who see them imagine they see the horn and sting, just as those who believe in planting by the moon always see results to confirm their theories.

So much for true snakes with apparent horns. Now as to apparent snakes with true horns. I call them apparent for short, because they differ so much from all our ordinary snakes. In fact, however, anatomically they are as good ophidians as any other family of the four into which naturalists put all the serpents. I refer to the *Scolecophidia* or worm snakes. These are snakes which burrow in light soil, under old leaves and logs, and live upon insects and their larvæ. They are nearly blind and almost destitute of teeth. Their bodies are rather stiff and their scales exceedingly smooth and glossy, as it is plainly much better for a burrowing body to be. And several of their varieties have a real solid horny end to their tails, evidently intended to give them a good purchase in their burrowing. They have no large "ventral" scales running across the abdomen and giving the purchase for crawling to our ordinary snakes, and briefly it may be said "they are not in it" at all with every-day snakes. They are practically big scaly worms. But they have the horn tail and they are the only snakes yet described in any natural history with an honest horn.

They are not very common, I think, for I have never seen but one, though I have had them hunted for a good deal. The one seen was on North Island, Wingate Bay, S. C. It was about 15in. long and about the last inch of its tail was apparently solid horn tapering to a point, but too blunt for use as a weapon. Its coloring suggested a reddish Scotch plaid. But any reader finding any snake with a real horn can readily tell whether it is a *Scolecophidia* or worm snake by the presence or absence of the broad ventral scales by which our ordinary snakes crawl. If his horned snake has none of these, but only small smooth scales alike on back and abdomen, then he has found only the well-known worm snake. But if it has a good, honest, indisputable horn with big ventral scales he has something which no museum possesses and no naturalist has ever described. E. P. ALEXANDER.

WOODLAND BIRD NOTES.—V.

Amidst Autumn's Woods.

"Now half the birds forget to sing,
And half of them have taken wing,
Before their pathway shall be lost
Beneath the gossamer of Jack Frost."

NO ONE perhaps realizes so strongly as the naturalist the characteristic mood of the several seasons, a mood and atmosphere so peculiar to itself as to give to each of the seasons much of the dignity of personality. October has a mellow, ripened glow distinctly its own, and is considered the most glorious month of the year, though in this respect we may say it is perhaps rivaled by June. To the artistic eye it is truly beautiful; the foliage of trees and bushes of lovely tints of scarlet to various shades of red, orange, yellow or brown. The atmosphere is clear, bracing, and "puts life into one's self," so to speak, which the air of June does not do.

To the ornithologist, however, it is a sad season, for as the leaves are disappearing from the trees so are our beautiful summer birds from our woods, fields or orchards; in fact, we are like a boat in a storm, drifting helplessly upon the rugged and sharp months of winter. How commonplace the robin or song sparrow seems, among the gay procession which throng our woods in summer, but how welcome they are when all the other birds have gone, and how soon forgotten when they return in the spring. The throng of transient visitants is slowly disappearing, though some are still here. The first birds to come to us in the spring are the last to go in the fall. So the myrtle warblers, hermit thrushes, purple grackles, red-winged blackbirds, phœbes and many others that arrive in March and April are still here, and in all probability will be here for another month yet. It is strange to note the mingling of the different species at this time of year. Summer and winter residents and migrants will be found in the same flock. It is well to note how the plumage of the birds agrees with the seasons. In winter the birds with dull and quiet plumage are found, as for example snowbird, chickadee, nuthatch and winter wren. With the approach of spring the plumage becomes brighter, as in the red-winged blackbird and meadowlark in early spring, and as summer approaches very gay and bright colors prevail, as in many of the migrants and most of the summer residents. During this recent warm spell the migrants and some of the summer birds are still lagging, while the cold weather in the North are driving the winter birds southward. Many of the migrant thrushes have gone southward, but the hermit is still here. The Canadian nuthatch, black-throated green and myrtle warblers are here, but in small numbers, and in a few days will probably follow their brethren to warmer climes. Those tiny midgets, the ruby-crowned kinglets, are still extremely abundant this fall, but they are only a passing visitor and will soon be gone. In winter birds the white-throated sparrow, junco, winter wren, brown creeper, etc., are very numerous and become more abundant each day. Yesterday (Oct. 15) I saw a large flock of pine finches, redpolls and purple finches. These birds are distinctly boreal birds and are rather rare here even in winter, and then only of local distribution.

In spring the ornithologist is ravenous for the sight of bright colors. There is starvation in his eye that has lived the winter long upon a diet of black and white, gray and brown. How it absorbs the ruddy tinge of the first robin and the delicious hue of the early bluebird. Variety is not half so essential a spice of life as expectancy. Indeed, from the cradle to the grave anticipation is more than a spice; it is a larger part of the very subsistence of life. We all live more in the fairer to-morrow than in to-day, and find more exhilaration in reaching forth for new fruit than enjoying the fruit in the hand. One of the best things to be said about immortality is that it means a future never drawn upon. EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Oct. 17.

QUEER WAYS IN BIRDDOM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with great interest the letter by Robert C. Lowry about the "Sora or Rail Bird" in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 17, more especially the part that touched on this bird's diving into the mud and remaining there during the winter, hibernating. That this seems impossible, that it would be miraculous if a bird did survive burial in mud for weeks, at once appeals to the ordinary student of bird habits and forms. But when it is considered that this story is related of the house martin as well, that people hundreds of miles apart hold the same belief, from, as they claim, personal observation, naturalists would better have a case before they cast ridicule on a marsh-folk's belief. More than once men have laughed at the tales of simple folk. One time a group of naturalists in an Egyptian hotel laughed uproarously when a man said small birds rode on the backs of large ones, yet any ten years of the FOREST AND STREAM'S volumes of Natural History columns would prove beyond a doubt that small, weak birds ride on sturdy birds' backs during migration.

The observations of a German scientist on the house swallow that builds its nests on the sides of houses seems to prove that birds hibernate. We know that woodchucks and many other warm-blooded animals fall into a torpor in the fall that lasts many weeks, with scarcely any interruption.

We learn to-day of things that seemed impossible a year ago, or yesterday. There must be some one among the FOREST AND STREAM'S readers who could tell of birds in mud apparently asleep. I say "must be" because I have read in a great many articles, mostly FOREST AND STREAM ones, about this belief. In an old history of Vermont, published about 1812, appears the author's statement of a friend's story to the effect that the swallow sometimes hibernates in mud. He believed the friend's story. There are other similar tales. The reason many most extraordinary tales are suppressed regarding doings of birds is that the observers fear being laughed at. I venture to say that within ten years the man who states in the FOREST AND STREAM that the swallow and rail never hibernate will be laughed at, as I would be if I said a wren never rode on a goose's back.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY.

Migrating Hawks in Kansas.

SWARTZ, La., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While on a visit to western Kansas recently I found that long suffering State, besides containing grasshoppers, thousands of hawks—hawks of all kinds, little hawks, big hawks, middle-sized hawks, sparrow hawks, chicken hawks, some as large as small eagles.

My friend and I started out early Monday morning from Great Bend for the Cheyenne Bottoms, famous as the meeting place for a number of seasons of the Altcar Coursing Association. With any water on the bottoms, as there is this season, there is usually plenty of ducks, and the object of our trip was to bring back a few.

We found scarcely any ducks, but in their stead the prairie was literally covered with hawks, and in our opinion this was the cause of there being no ducks. I shot a colossal specimen; he merely thought I was feeding him and had missed his mouth, so my friend came to the rescue, shot and winged him. After he fell he was quite as formidable a wounded enemy as one would care to encounter; and I wished for a kodak to immortalize my friend as he threw rich Kansas soil and sandbur stocks at the gaping mouth and outstretched wings of this bird. It was finally dispatched with another load of shot. We found it measured 5ft. from tip to tip.

Just before we entered the bottoms we were joined by a young man, a resident of the vicinity, who informed us that hawks collected in this manner every autumn, evidently preparing for migration, as it was for only a short time they are so numerous.

The three of us devoted the remainder of the day to shooting hawks. They had grown very bold around the farm houses, where they were rarely shot at; we were not real sportsmen, as we took them from fence posts and not always flying. They have a habit of lazily sailing in the air out of shotgun range; but should they spy a mouse or bird in the grass and no gun about they swoop down with jacksnipe rapidity and seize their prey and off.

On our return home I winged a plover and endeavored to catch it under my hat; it was my friend's turn to wish for a kodak, as my method of capturing birds somewhat resembled the old game of leap frog.

I hope to return later in the season and find geese as plentiful on the bottoms as hawks were. E. G. D.

Live Elk in Massachusetts.

MR. B. R. ADAMS, proprietor of Moose Head Ranch, in Uintah county, Wyoming, has delivered to Mr. W. C. Whitney, Lenox, Mass., thirty elk for Mr. Whitney's game preserve on October Mountain.

Good Things Appreciated.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to compliment you on the appearance of the latest number of your valued paper. The Audubon plate looks especially fine.

I have long been a regular reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, and look as regularly to the day on which it is received as I do to meal time. In fact, I think I could go without a meal occasionally with less dissatisfaction than I should experience if the paper came not regularly.

Myself and wife have been especially interested in Mr. Rowland E. Robinson's writings, and we feel that we are very well acquainted with Uncle 'Lisha, Antoine, Sam and all the other characters that appeal so strongly to the average New Englander. We also have taken great interest in the reminiscences of Col. Mather, and are glad to note their regularity.

Wishing you the continued success that your labors so richly merit, Gratefully yours,

C. J. HALPEN.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

THE DEADWATER MOOSE.

Two men stood on a railroad platform and one of them said to the other as he held aloft his rifle: "This is the only genuine moose gun in all the world. This is verily the Harbinger of Death."

To which the other man replied, as he displayed his own favorite weapon: "And this is Death."

It was in such sportive and sanguine frame of mind that Mr. Fred Irland, of Washington, and the writer left the train at Boiestown on Sept. 16 last bound for a region called the Crooked Deadwater, where it was said that the bull moose, even Tim Lynch, the monarch of all moose, was roaring and roystering on the mountain side, shoveling his rivals into the lake and pawing up the black muck on the barren in sheer insolence of strength. We desired to arbitrate with Timothy.

The guide, who met us at Boiestown, was none other than Henry Braithwaite, of whom a certain red man, Jim Paul, once remarked: "Dat man Birthright got a turrible repytation, but, by gorry, I kin call a bull moose half a mile furder off 'n he kin." Jim Paul was right. Where Henry accumulates the deadwood on Mr. Paul is that he can call the bull moose half a mile "furder up."

The life of a woodsman offers little opportunity for brilliant or striking deeds. The best he can hope for is thoroughly to master all the multitudinous details of his calling; to face hard work and hard weather manfully; to glean from nature, by careful watching of her ways, as many of the secrets of the wilderness as he may; to learn the habits of all the wild children of the forest, and the uses and properties of tree and plant. I take little stock in heroes and less in hero worship, yet I feel like adding my word of tribute to what has been said by others of Henry Braithwaite. It is a liberal education in woodcraft to wander in the woods even for a few short weeks with him. He is a past master in every branch of forestry—a sort of rough and ready Nessmuk, who loves the woods as Nessmuk did—who cannot endure for any length of time the restraints of artificial life; who feels in the forest, not its poetry perhaps, but at all events its peace, its freedom and its majesty. It would take a great deal of the strongest kind of evidence to induce any one who knows him to believe that his superior as a woodsman can be found. Whether it is calling a moose, running down a caribou, trapping an otter, stringing a snowshoe, building a canoe or traveling on a bee-line through an unknown forest, Henry beats the Indian at his own game. In a land that is full of hunters and cruisers, red as well as white, the keenest of critics in their line of work, no one for a quarter of a century has ever disputed his preëminence.

We tarried at the hotel of the impassive, impersonal Mr. Duffy that night, and in the morning started with all our "stuff" for Pleasant Ridge, nine miles away, where the portage road enters the forest. Henry said as we were loading the wagon: "Now, we've got to forget something. Let us try and forget something we can do without." Whereupon Henry straightway proceeded to forget, of all things in the world, his axe, which Mr. Duffy, the silent, went back for while the team stood waiting in the road.

Just where Pleasant Ridge subsides, in the arms of the forest, lives a thrifty farmer named Mr. Holt, who keeps a sort of wayside house. Here we paused for provender and met our teamster, Mr. Tom Hunter, who was to pilot our luggage over the thirty odd miles of rock and root, hill and dale, brook and barren that lay between us and Fullerton's camp on the south branch of the Dungarvon River. Mr. Hunter was an old friend of ours. Two years before he had transported our traps by the old Dungarvon portage to Pond's camp on the memorable occasion when Fred got his first moose. We found that advancing age had not diminished the vocal powers of Mr. Hunter. He still faced the terrors of the "portash" without fear, enlivening the way with wit and humor, and encouraging the team with sulphurous remarks. Our route to the Deadwater wound steadily northward and somewhat to the west of the one we had taken two years ago. The old portage road to Pond's camp had not been used of late and was reported to be blocked with fallen trees. When we questioned Mr. Hunter as to the qualities of the new road he put it all in a nutshell: "The furder the wusser."

Our rate of progress, after the luggage had been transferred to a wooden-shod sled and the portage fairly entered upon, was very slow, owing to the weight of the load and likewise the tendency to pause displayed by the "off" horse. We had only made two miles when darkness, accompanied by rain, set in and it was necessary to camp. Henry soon had the tent up, the hand-junks cut, and various and sundry rampikes piled thereon, and we listened to the patter of the rain with supreme indifference.

The 18th was an ideal autumn day. Mr. Hunter employed his vocabulary with force and freedom and we made ten miles, reaching Richards's depot camp near Salmon Brook Lake. The "off" horse looked very solemn as he stood in the yard in the moonlight and thought of Mr. Hunter. In the morning Fred and I visited the lake, which we found to be three-quarters of a mile long and nearly as wide and very characteristic, in all its scenic features, of New Brunswick inland waters. On the west it was overlooked by a beautiful hardwood ridge that glowed with the gorgeous tints of autumn, the remaining sides were flanked with evergreens and bordered by tawny strips of barren. The comely tracks of moose and caribou were quite abundant on these barrens and large flocks of geese and ducks were feeding in a cove at the southern end of the lake.

The controversy between Mr. Hunter and the sorrel was resumed with violence next day. Our hopes of making substantial progress, however, were dampened and finally drowned out by a drenching rain that began early in the afternoon. We were now on the Rocky Brook portage, and the traveling was smoother than it had been; but the rain became so unpleasant that, after making a total of eight miles, we were glad to seek the shelter of a bark

lean-to that we found on the side of the road. Fred expressed a desire for a big fire, and I think he will admit in confidence that he got it. Henry and the teamster soon started a conflagration that bade fair to drive us out of the lean-to completely. At first the water found its way somewhat freely through holes in the roof, but when these were plugged with strips of bark and the small tent thrown over all, the roaring of the wind and the ceaseless fusillade of the rain gave us no concern. Henry argued stoutly that a fire would burn better on a wet night than a dry one.

In the morning the rain had abated. The route was a new one both to the guide and teamster. We wandered over a variety of very rough and very wet roads, went several miles out of the most direct line of travel, and finally one of the shoes of the sled gave out. It took the men just an hour to shift the load, make a new shoe and place it in position. We encountered a porcupine in the road, which Henry promptly dispatched with the axe, as he considered it a destructive animal. He remarked that about the only animal that would deliberately tackle the porcupine was the black cat, into whose anatomy the quills do not seem to have their usual power of penetration.

At 4 o'clock we reached Richards's main depot camp on Forty-nine Mile Brook and remained there for the night. Late in the evening a small digitigrade animal, black in color, with white stripes down his back and a white-tipped tail, meandered freely over the floor of the camp, inspected our provisions, and incidentally traversed the lower bunk where Mr. Hunter was executing a trombone solo. Fred and I lit the lantern and watched the movements of the intruder with some anxiety. We aroused Henry from his slumbers in the hope that he would take vigorous measures, but that worthy surveyed the scene with an air of impartial equanimity. He remarked as he curled his blanket again about him that he would "fix that chap in the morning." Before we left the camp Henry constructed a dead-fall similar to that which he sets for the sable and pine marten. When Mr. Hunter returned to the camp on his way out to the settlement he found the animal in the trap. Mr. Hunter found this to be the case when he was about two miles from the camp.

It was early in the forenoon of the 21st that we reached Fullerton's camp, the terminus of the portage. There was a large quantity of logging supplies at this camp, as well as at Forty-nine Mile Brook, in charge of a man named Patchell. For months at a time during the summer season Patchell never saw a human face. He was cheerful and contented with his lot, and showed every disposition to render us any aid in his power. He gave encouraging reports as to moose in the locality, also informed us that we could haul our luggage three miles further over a winter logging road which led in the direction of the Deadwater. This was important, as it would shorten the distance the men would have to pack the supplies upon their backs. Acting on his advice, we tackled the logging road, but found it so rough and the footing so treacherous for the horses that after going about a mile we decided to dispense with the team and pack our traps from that point forward to the Deadwater. While preparing for dinner we were joined by Henry's assistant, Dave Douglas, who had been for some days on the lookout for us, and also cutting trails in various directions, preparatory to Henry's winter trapping. We wrote a few short letters to the absent ones over the horizon's rim, and intrusted the same to Mr. Hunter, who at once set out upon his long and toilsome voyage to the settlement. It was pitiful and yet amusing to see the sturdy old gentleman light his pipe, board his chariot and resume his everlasting battle with the rocks and snags of the portage. A portion of our effects was placed under the big tent; the smaller tent we carried to the end of the logging road, about two miles north, and camped there for the night.

The next morning Henry and Dave carried up two more loads from the big tent, and as Fred and I were impatient to reach the hunting grounds a dash was made for the Deadwater through the trackless woods that afternoon in a storm of rain that soon developed into a liquid blizzard. Henry had never before attempted to reach his camp on the Deadwater from the Fullerton logging works, and did not know the exact distance we had to go. He endeavored to find a route on the high grounds, which afforded easy footing as compared with the barrens, and this made our tramp somewhat circuitous. From time to time he consulted his compass, and all the while the cold rain fell in torrents, drenching us to the skin. In some places we had to clamber over slippery, moss-covered rocks which threatened the integrity of our limbs at every step; in others we had to fight our way through a riotous tangle of water-laden whitewoods, and then a dense growth of firs would bar the way. I certainly could not recommend that aquatic excursion to the Deadwater for dudes and invalids. It was the hardest four hours' travel I ever experienced in the woods. We made few stops for rest, plodded steadily on, every particle of our clothing soaked with water, and still no signs of the camp. For a time the wild idea possessed us that Henry had lost his way. At last the guide turned abruptly to the left, we forded a swollen stream, and found ourselves at once within the shelter of the Deadwater Camp. Never was haven of rest more welcome to storm-stricken mariner than this homely trapper's camp to us that night. A rousing fire soon sent the sparks hissing through the smoke hole into the watery gloom, and after the kettle was boiled and a substantial meal of woodland fare stowed away, that terrible march over the trackless mountain side became a thing to joke about. It is these abrupt translations of light and shadow, storm and calm, vacuity and venison, that give to life in the woodlands its everlasting charm.

On the morning of the 23d there was a partial clearing of the sky. Dave left for Henry's camp on Little Sou'west Lake to bring up a load of provisions. Henry has twelve of these camps in all, stretched over a distance of eighty miles upon his trapping grounds. In the afternoon Fred and I accompanied Henry down the trail about half a mile to a point on the shore of the stream, where he had a dug-out canoe nearly completed. She was about 25ft. in length, and would accommodate three persons with ease. Henry devoted an hour to grubbing her out with axe and adze, then launched her and poled her up through the rapids to the landing in front of the camp. Right across the stream from the landing Henry showed us the spot where, three years ago, he called up two bull moose and shot them, as late as Nov. 15.

Henry never calls moose after dark, relying upon his marvelous skill with the birchen horn to outwit the animal in the daytime; but as it was a beautiful moonlight evening he consented, at Fred's suggestion, to give us a taste of calling moose by night. After supper we took our places silently in the canoe and proceeded up the Deadwater. We had gone about a mile and a half when the guide, with that inimitable art which has made him famous, gave the call of the cow moose. The night was still and very cold, the fog rose in ghostly wreaths from the glassy surface of the water, and the thick palisades of spruce and fir on either side of us were traced in jet against the moonlit sky. The muskrats were out in force swimming around among the lilies, and in front of their house on the western bank a pair of beavers dived at our approach. The call rolled up the level expanse of the Deadwater, and returned to us in scarce diminished volume from the far-off southern hills. At once a wave of excitement swept over the stolid features of the guide, and he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "Hark! by thunder, there's an answer!"

Sure enough, we could plainly hear off to our right, up the west branch of the Deadwater, the oft-repeated and never-to-be-forgotten sound, "Oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah!"

The moose was probably not half a mile away and we could hear every intonation of his note with the utmost distinctness. Henry picked up the paddle and shoved the canoe swiftly and silently toward a rocky point covered with hardhacks that jutted out into the stream from the eastern shore. Fred and I tumbled out of the canoe as best we might and took up our station on the point. Then arose from the opposite shore, but further up the stream, a long, loud, weird, wailing cry that eddied and echoed from bank to bank and died away in a low, convulsive sob. We heard the guide as he sat like a statue in the canoe mutter between his teeth: "Listen to that cussed cow!"

Fred and I laughed silently to ourselves, but it was evident that the guide failed to regard the matter as a joke. He did not relish having to compete against the real thing. We remained at our post for perhaps an hour, and if ever we had any doubt that we were in a genuine moose country our experience in that space of time effectually removed it. Not only did the old bull up the branch continue to grunt at intervals, and the cow up the stream to lament her lonely state, but another bull away up the Deadwater commenced a solo on his own account. His notes sounded like the distant strokes of an axe upon a hollow tree. There was scarce a moment's intermission in the programme. Henry said there were plenty of moose around; all he was afraid of was that the larger bulls were mated and hence would not respond to the horn. Just as we entered the canoe to return to the camp we heard still another sound—surely the most awe-inspiring that ever is heard within the wild woods of this continent—the hoarse, angry bellowing of bull moose close at hand engaged in mortal conflict for the mastery. We heard their roars at intervals long after we had reached the camp.

Within a stone's throw of the rocky point aforesaid the Deadwater, whose ordinary width varies from 50 to 100yds., forms a narrow pass which is very appropriately called the Jaws. By reason of its narrowness and the shoalness of the water, which runs over a rocky ledge into the deep basin below, this is a favorite crossing point for moose and caribou, and, as we afterward ascertained, a path worn deep and hard in the solid turf by the traffic of many generations of animals, comes down to the water's edge on either side of the Jaws. While we were listening to the moose concert all around us we heard the rustle caused by some heavy animal making the passage there. We could not see what it was, though it was within easy rifle shot, and, taking our experience as a whole, we were united in hearty condemnation of the practice of calling moose by night. Had Henry continued to call and succeeded in bringing up a moose, either upon the opposite shore or at any point within reach of our rifles, we were satisfied that the prospect of our missing or maiming the animal was almost a certainty, and that even if we killed him the glory to be derived from such chance shots was very limited. We returned to the cheerful warmth of the camp-fire greatly impressed with the Deadwater region as a moose country and satisfied to take our chances for a shot in the daytime.

A slight flurry of snow greeted us in the morning, the earliest on record for this country. Henry employed himself in making a paddle and knees for the canoe. In the afternoon we embarked upon the Deadwater again, and as we followed its windings realized that it would have been a serious mistake to call it anything else than "Crooked." It was about three miles and a half from the camp to the head of navigation, while a straight line between the same points would not have exceeded a mile in length. To the north of us as we left the landing stood the towering peak of the County Line Mountain, where the counties of York, Northumberland and Victoria converge, and where Will Chestnut and Henry in December last started sixteen bull moose in one day. As we paddled up the stream the wind was blowing from the northwest. Henry called at the Jaws and got a distant answer, but after waiting for some time gave it up, and we continued on our course. From a barren to the west of us we heard two bulls fighting furiously, their roars of rage resounding through the woods for miles around. Fred and I suggested a still-hunt, but Henry said: "Better take it easy or we'll all run out of a job. We will tackle those fellows later."

We used to wonder afterward whether Henry's decision was dictated by reason, instinct or luck. The next turn we rounded revealed to us, in full open sight, on the left bank of the stream, a trifle over 100yds. away, his head facing inland, a monster moose, motionless as the hills—a statue of ebony against a wall of green!

I was in the bow, and as the canoe glided around the point was the first to see the moose. His ears showed that he was on the alert, but he did not see us. Apparently he had heard Henry's call at the Jaws and was pondering whether he had better desert the faithful partner of his bosom who was peacefully browsing in the bushes near at hand and go in quest of the phantom maid. His ponderings were brief. The wind was blowing from us toward the moose, and as it would have been hazardous to attempt to work any closer, Henry turned the canoe, with a silent sweep of the paddle, broadside to the animal, so that we had both a chance to shoot. Fred was very rapid on the pull and the Harbinger belched forth 550grs. of lead propelled by 120grs. of powder. The spiteful crack of the Martini followed immediately. The moose at this time seemed to think the locality was unhealthy. He surged inland through the hardhacks, looking neither to right nor left, and was evidently hard hit. Another broadside from the canoe and the moose sank to the ground within 40ft. of where he had stood when we first saw him. We paddled ashore and Henry proceeded to dress the carcass with about as much visible concern as he would have displayed over the skinning of a partridge. He was evidently proud, though, of the kind of stock he raised on what he called his "farm."

A great deal has been written by those who are wise, as well as otherwise, in the ways of the woods, as to the weight of moose. I will freely confess that I do not know what this moose weighed. I know he was so heavy that the three of us with a united pull could not shift him a foot in any direction. Henry is not a man who exaggerates, and he thought this moose would weigh at least 1,100lbs. We took a few measurements. He was 7ft. 3in. high at the shoulder. The neck, where it was severed from the trunk, measured between 5 and 6ft. around. The length of the moose as he lay stretched on his side on the ground, from the tip of his nose to the point of his hind hoof, was 12ft. 1in. The horns, which had twenty-four points, were 52½in. across and the palms 13in. wide. The length of the bell was fully 20in. He had a hole in one of his horns and another in his side, produced by fighting, and two of the brow prongs were injured from the same cause. Of the four shots fired two had passed through the moose—one just back of the shoulder and grazing it, the other midway between hip and shoulder, about 8in. below the spinal column. The first-named bullet struck no bone, and after it went through the moose, hit a fir tree about 5in. in diameter and went through that also. The other bullet was flattened by contact with the ribs, and made a very ragged wound as it passed out on the other side. Whether Fred hit that moose twice or I hit him twice or each of us hit him once will never be known upon this earth. It's a toss up between us, I think, as to which is the better shot. Sometimes I make life miserable for Fred; sometimes he makes it miserable for me. We took the situation very coolly when Henry steered us into action, but it is one thing to shoot straight on dry land and another to shoot straight from a small canoe on a windy day. I tried to make Fred disgorge the frozen fact and tell me who shot that moose, but he couldn't. My own mental refrigerator was equally out of repair. The best guess we could make was that I missed the first time and Fred missed the second. We returned to camp in a happy frame of mind.

Now, the Deadwater fleet comprised not only the new canoe, but two long, narrow rafts, known as "ramcats," which were moored in a "bogan" at the head of the stream. On Friday morning, the 25th, Dave was dispatched overland to this point, with instructions to bring down one of the ramcats with a load of meat. Henry and Fred and I again went forth upon the shining bosom of the Crooked to find another moose. We passed Dave two miles up coming down stream with a full head of steam, at the rate of at least one mile per two hours. Near the head of navigation a small brook comes out through the black marsh mud. As we were passing this point we found the remains of a bull moose, which had evidently succumbed to wounds received in battle. The horns measured 44½in. and were perfect in every way. The carcass bore evidence of having been pulled about by a bear. Henry deplored the fact that the stock upon his farm were becoming so unruly.

"It was just about here," said Henry, "that one of my moose and a bear got in a snarl two winters ago. I was coming over from Renous on snowshoes, and I saw the track of a moose pursued by a bear. There was hair scattered along in places where the bear had clawed the moose on the run. By and by I came to that little spruce knoll yonder, and to my surprise Mr. Bear was up a tree, looking mighty sick. The moose had turned on him just there, and made it so hot for him that he took to the tree and was in such a hurry that he never stopped till he got to the top of the tree. I dropped the bear out of the tree with my gun. If I could have overtaken the moose I'd have given him a feed of oats."

We landed and went over to the edge of a small barren a few yards away, and Henry gave a call. He had hardly lowered the horn from his lips when we heard two shots fired away down the Deadwater. There could be no doubt that Dave and the ramcat had sailed into action. Dave had with him Henry's express rifle as well as his express injunction not to fire at anything unless he had a sure enough chance for a fine set of horns. We decided to postpone our calling operations and proceed to the scene of war. We saw no sign of Dave until we approached the landing in front of the camp, where he was just in the act of beaching the ramcat.

Dave was not in a cheerful frame of mind. He said that while passing a point known as the Island, which rivals the Jaws as a crossing place for game, he was confronted by a large bull moose. The ramcat apparently had no terrors for the moose, for he stood in the thoroughfare, shook his horns at Dave, humped up his back and emphasized his disapproval by snorting "ooff! ooff!" Dave reached for the rifle, fired and missed. The moose then stepped out on the point of the Island and threatened to shovel Dave into the water. Dave had serious thoughts, he said, of ramming the moose with the ramcat, but concluded to try him again with the rifle, this time at a range of about 40ft. He fired and apparently missed, for the moose, with a final "ooff! ooff!" deliberately crossed the Island and walked into the woods. Now, Dave is a man with plenty of pluck and experience: he has frequently shot moose under difficult conditions; how he came to punch holes around this particular moose he is entirely unable to state.

At daybreak Henry and Dave started for the big tent, to bring over more supplies and to spot a line for swamping a road to Fullerton's works by which to take out the moose head. Fred and I agreed to meet them at 4:30 at the head of the Deadwater. We put in the day idly drifting around the stream, reached the rendezvous at the appointed time, waited until after dark, saw no signs of the men and returned to camp, threading our way safely down the Crooked through the pitchy darkness. We heard the moose grunting and roaring as usual on all sides of us.

Next morning Fred and I paddled up as far as the Jaws, where I remained and amused myself watching the big trout fanning themselves in the pool below the run, while Fred kept on up stream in search of Henry and Dave. Luckily he met them just as they reached the stream with their packs and they all returned to the Jaws. As it was then 12 o'clock, Henry shoved the canoe ashore below the Jaws at the junction of the west branch and the main Deadwater and prepared to "bile the kittle." Fred and I were sitting on the shore discussing the silver question when suddenly the guide appeared and said: "Moose! moose! I heard him grunt twice right across the branch."

We hustled through the hardhacks until we reached a point opposite where Henry said the grunts came from and hid behind the tussocks. Henry called and was answered twice from the woods on the opposite bank, the noise being different from anything I had ever heard proceed from a moose, and resembling a blast of steam from the safety valve of a locomotive. In less than a minute a cow moose and calf emerged from the firs and walked out on the narrow strip of barren that lined the shore. We expected to see the bull loom up next, but he failed to appear. Henry said the bull was there all right enough, but probably had another mate, and the cow we saw was running away from him. It was a case of Hagar and Ishmael, and they were on the move. We noticed that both the cow and calf wore the neck ornament known as the bell, and it gave the latter a look of sagacity much beyond his age and size. They walked leisurely along the shore in plain sight of us for about 50yds., the cow looking back occasionally as though in fear of being followed, then silently forded the stream to the side we were on and trotted off through the brush. It was a sight worth coming many miles to see. Of course, the camera was at the camp.

After dinner Fred elected to return to camp with Dave, and Henry remarked to me: "Suppose we take a stroll over the farm."

Such a stroll and such a farm! For three or four hours we tramped over ridge and lakeside and barren, almost every acre of which exhibited fresh signs of game. Once we heard a crash in a thicket of alders, and found where a family of moose had taken flight. It is one thing in a densely wooded country like this to find fresh signs of game, it is quite another to see the game line up complacently in front of your gun. Henry referred to a statement he had once seen in FOREST AND STREAM to the effect that moose never peeled the trees upon which they feed clear around, and thus did not kill the tree. He pointed out several maples, mountain ash and sapling birch from which the bark had been stripped off completely round. The favorite browsing trees of moose, he said, were whitewood, moosewood, willow and cherry; they will, however, eat any kind of hardwood and most of the evergreens, especially fir. Spruce or cedar they will not touch unless hard pressed by hunger. He had never discovered that moose ate any kind of grass except a thin, flat grass that grew principally in the beds of streams or ponds or in marshy ground. It is sometimes called deer grass. Moose will often go clear out of sight for it in the water and remain under a surprising length of time. At two of the lakes we visited Henry gave a casual call, but received no answer. We saw the "works" of a moose, however, near the west branch which Henry said were made by a specimen even larger than the one we had shot. On our way to the Jaws we heard a partridge drumming. Henry said when this was heard in the fall of the year it was a sign of wet weather and a late open season.

On the 29th Fred went up the stream in the morning with the guides, while I patrolled the trail leading to Henry's camp on Little Sou'west Lake. Half an hour after their departure I heard a shot, which could only mean that Frederic had uncorked the Harbinger. I was watching a very promising pond at the time, and delayed my return to camp until the dinner hour. There I found, pinned to the blanket door of the camp, a diagram very cleverly drawn on birch bark by Fred in the Indian picture language, indicating that he had shot a moose. Soon afterward the canoe arrived and I learned what had happened.

Just above the Island they had heard a moose grunting in the woods near the western bank. Henry turned his canoe down stream so as to get to leeward of the moose, and paddled cautiously up a long, narrow bogan that made into the barren. His first call was promptly answered, and as they reached the terminus of the bogan they could hear the moose coming. Two men with axes, Fred declared, could not have raised a bigger racket. Fred stepped out of the canoe and stood upon a tussock.

"Now," said Henry, "if I get a frog in my throat we're ruined."

Henry then gave the low call or coaxer, and the bull promptly appeared through an opening in the firs. He was clearly in the best of spirits, and as he swaggered toward the bogan hooked the bushes first with one horn and then the other. At a range of 75yds. he stopped and gazed with unfeigned astonishment at the apparition of Fred and his indigo Mackinaw shirt. As Fred let loose the Harbinger the moose turned sharply to the left, and for a moment was lost to sight; but when Henry rushed through the bushes he found him lying dead not more than 30ft. from where he stood when the shot was fired. The bullet had pierced his heart, lungs and liver, and lodged in the rump close to the hide. This moose was about two-thirds the size of No. 1. His horns, which had fourteen points, measured 43in. across and were perfect in every respect. Henry, as usual, jacked the meat up so that it would be available for future use. With the warm and uncommonly wet weather that prevailed, the preservation of our meat proved to be a difficult matter. Portions of both carcasses were brought to the camp and smoked.

On the afternoon of this day I watched at the Jaws for caribou. These animals, while we sojourned at the Crooked, seemed to be few in number, or else too wary to show themselves. A good moose country is seldom a good caribou country, as the moose drive the caribou out. Toward sundown, as Henry and Dave were nearing the Jaws with the canoe, the noise of the paddle evidently attracted the notice of a large bull moose on the right bank. He grunted frequently and showed a disposition to come to the shore. It would have been an easy matter for Henry to have called him and for me to have shot him from the opposite shore, but we had decided to kill no more moose. We had each a fine set of horns to take home, and the difficult task still remained of cutting about three miles of road by which to carry the heads and scalps to the Fullerton road. Fortunately our carrying crew was reinforced that evening by the arrival at the camp of a man named Fred Swift. A Vermonter by birth, Swift had been spending his time for some weeks past in the precarious occupation of "gumming," or gathering spruce gum for the American market. He was a fine, strapping young fellow, quick to learn the "lay of the land" in a new country, and readily agreed to help us out with the heads.

The remainder of our stay at the Deadwater was uneventful. Douglas and Swift were employed for several days in cutting out the trail and Henry often lent a helping hand. It might be mentioned that as Henry officiated on the trip as cook, and as our appetites were not of a delicate sort he had not much time left for hunting. He was also greatly handicapped by wet and windy weather. However, we had been fortunate enough to secure our two moose with very little expenditure of time and effort, and this left nothing to be desired. Commencing with Sept. 30 it rained almost continuously for a week, not heavily as a rule, but hard enough to confine us most of the time to the vicinity of the camp. So ended our gun-boat days on the Crooked.

On Oct. 1 we moved back to the small tent, where we tarried for five days, taking occasional cruises to some of the surrounding lakes for photographic purposes when the weather would permit. We often started moose in our wanderings, but made no effort to add to our trophies. One of the most enjoyable of these trips was over to Lost Beaver and Renous lakes, where we saw beavers at work and where Fred succeeded in taking the picture of a sapie in a tree. We shot a few partridges nearly every day for the camp larder. This bird has many foes in the deep woods, and finds the shotgun a far less formidable foe than the owl, the blue hawk, the saple, the fox, the skunk and the weasel.

One of our chief sources of amusement while in camp was that precocious rascal, the Canada jay or gorby. Fred conceived the idea of trapping some of these birds and trying to domesticate them, and he succeeded, by means of a box and figure four, in capturing no less than seven. Such was the gorby's greed for grub that immediately upon being taken from the trap and held in the hand he would seize any food that came within his reach, and as he struggled for a time against the bars of the cage he seemed to be unable to decide whether the chief aim of life was to escape or to carry off the pork that was in the cage. Fred had great hopes of making a success of gorby culture, but what with the wet weather, the filthy condition to which the birds soon reduced the cage and the severe shaking-up they received on the portage they soon became reduced to a caricature of their former saucy selves. On one occasion the cage slipped from the load and rolled down a hill. Henry said, as he looked at them: "Well, I did not think I could ever get up the slightest particle of sympathy for a gorby, but I'm hanged if I don't feel sorry for them." So Fred opened the cage and let them go. They were unable at first to fly in their dazed and bedraggled condition, but even as they hobbled off, squawking and chattering through the brush, the instinct of seeking to devour everything within their reach still remained with them. Henry maintains that a Canada jay has no feathers. He says, "It's just a kind of a fog that sticks to them."

On the afternoon of Oct. 7 Mr. Hunter and the bull moose express reached us from the outer world at the lumber camp on Forty-nine Mile Brook, and as he had secured another and a better horse in place of the sorrel we had a speedy and altogether pleasant journey to the settlement. We did not succeed in laying low the famous Tim Lynch, the monarch of moosedom, whose throne is somewhere in the region of the Crooked, but we did succeed in bringing out two heads that have not been equaled, it is said, by any hunting party in New Brunswick in recent years.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fair Disciples.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 29.—At the Calumet Heights Club, of Chicago, whose grounds are along the Lake Michigan shore and in the region of the famous Calumet system, there is more fun to the square inch than anywhere else on earth. At the close of each week three or four dozen members gather there and put in a day or two at unmitigated and unlimited enjoyment in shooting, fishing and living. Among the devotees of the rod and gun in this popular club are many fair disciples of the art of wing and trap shooting. The fever of shooting, it seems, is extending to the gentler sex, and they take little urging to lay aside the needle and take up the gun. A few days ago, the morning of the heavy snowstorm which was mentioned as having surprised this part of the world, Mrs. Elbert Gould, of the Calumet Heights Club, was at the club house and determined to have a duck hunt, just like a man. She arose at 4 o'clock in the morning, donned suitable shooting costume with rubber boots, took gun and shells, and departed in the gray of dawn after the time-honored fashion of duck shooters since time immemorial. She chose her own point of the river shore, getting into her blind in good season. There was a little flight, and Mrs. Gould actually bagged three teal to her own gun, all killed flying in regular style. Her return to the club house was in the nature of a triumphal procession, and so elated was she at her good fortune that she declared she was going to start at once for the city with her ducks and show them to her friends forthwith. This is the largest bag of ducks to a lady's shooting at this club this fall.

Mrs. Gould is not alone in her ability to kill a duck on the wing. Miss Erwin killed a big fat mallard all by herself, and on the wing, as it crossed a point not far below the club house one day this fall, and came in holding it at arm's length by the bill, exulting very much over her good fortune. The wife of the club keeper, Mrs. Starr, killed a pintail on the wing not long ago, and her daughter also has killed her duck, but confesses honestly that she shot it on the water and not flying. All of these ladies and others shoot at the trap and make creditable scores, and it is not likely that any other organization of this city can produce so many lady members who are entitled to the name of wing shot.

No one has had a great deal of shooting at the Calumet Heights ground this season, and no one seems to have worked very hard for it, it being preferred to loaf and have good times taking it easy. Messrs. Patterson and Lamphere on a joint trip last week got the mixed bag of three teal, one mallard, one widgeon and one bluebill. Rifle shooting is much practiced at this club and a number of long-range rifles are kept there by members, the sand beach offering one of the best rifle ranges to be found anywhere adjacent to Chicago.

Bags of Ducks.

The present season has been the poorest for ducks of any known here for a long time, and no good bags are mentioned by any one. Probably the best local bag was made by Messrs. A. P. Harper and F. S. Lewis, who were down at Water Valley on the Kankakee the day of the storm. They put their boat on a wagon and drove to the Brown ditch, and pulled into a hole where the birds were crowding in out of the storm. They got sixty ducks together, and also got a good wetting by means of a capsize from the boat. They shot together, and to get a better seat had chairs arranged on a board on top the deck of the boat. As they swung after a flock of mallards that passed the recoil of the guns upset them into the mud and water, and gave them a good bath.

At Water Valley Sam Booth, of Chicago, had a duck hole all picked out, and his pusher, Dick Cox, watched it for him, one day going and getting twenty-five birds there himself. When Mr. Booth came down to shoot, the birds were feeding at a hole above there, and the two went up to that place to shoot. Then they saw the birds begin to drop in behind them, at the place they had left, and went back to see how it would go again. The flight thereupon stopped entirely, and they got only a very few shots the rest of the day.

Messrs. Geo. Marshall, J. Morgan, of the Chicago Metal Boat Co., and their friend Mr. Prickett had a camp hunt last week on the Kankakee, at a point below Water Valley and nearly half way to Momence, they expecting to get some duck shooting. In this they were disappointed, but they got about three dozen jacksnipe, which pleased them almost as much.

Messrs. John Cody and Mike Begley, of Chicago, went up to Peckaway Lake, in Wisconsin, a week ago and happened to meet the flight. Mr. Cody to his own gun got ninety ducks, and reports the sport all that any man could wish.

Mr. Cody's success was the best I have heard of in this region, and indeed the heaviest shooting I have known anywhere in the country. Two Milwaukee hunters, who went to Melette, S. D., had good shooting three weeks ago, getting eighty ducks in one day at some lakes near there. I could not get the names of both these men, but was told that one was Mr. Leidersdorf, of that city. My informant advises me that there was very good chicken shooting this year at points near Melette. In the same indefinite way I hear that a club of Dubuque, Ia., sportsmen, who go every year to the North Dakota ducking grounds, this fall went to a point west of Jamestown, probably Dawson, and had extremely fine sport, bagging 800 ducks and geese. They made a large party, about twenty men, as I was told.

Mr. F. A. Howe, the veteran and beloved president of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, has this season not had as much sport at his favorite grounds as he could wish, but one evening went out and bagged twenty-one ducks, a very decent bag for a place only thirty miles from the city. Mr. Howe is one of the oldest shooters of Chicago, and one of the most respected, and his favorite form of sport is shooting ducks.

A friend tells me that he saw a shooter from Koshokonong Lake last week who was just coming home from the depot in a cab at the close of his visit to that famous lake, and in this cab he had actually in hand a bag of thirty-six fat canvasback ducks, the product of one day's shooting. My friend could not give the shooter's name, as he was a stranger; but there was no doubt about the ducks, and he said they did look mighty nice.

A Grand Texas Trip.

Mr. Jos. Leiter, of this city, with a couple of Eastern friends, will start about Nov. 13 for a notable duck trip to Texas. They take a steam yacht from New Orleans and skirt along the Gulf coast of Louisiana and Texas, making a voyage of over two months on the best wildfowling country left in the United States. The yacht is now on its way to New Orleans from New York city, and all the outfit is purchased. At Van Uxem's, this city, I saw a pack of five of Dan Kidney's best push paddles, which go aboard the yacht. Best of all for the success of the party's effort at getting ducks, the entire party is to be under the guidance of the famous duck slayer, Billy Griggs, known in these columns through description of shooting had with him in Texas, near Galveston. If anybody on earth can get ducks it is Billy Griggs, and it is a very fine prospect that is ahead of these cruisers in the summer seas of Texas. Billy Griggs is now in this country, and yesterday went to his home at Browning, Ill., on the Illinois River. He will return here next week, and finish plans for this trip with Mr. Leiter's party.

Numbers of Wisconsin Deer Hunters.

To-day I saw members of the general passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, and asked what was their opinion on the amount of traffic they would pull into Wisconsin for deer hunting this fall. The reply was that they considered the season practically lost by the late trouble in the deer law, and thought they would not carry more than a few hundred shooters into the region. They had contracts made for a number of very large parties, some numbering over fifty, most of these parties coming from the same old precincts of Ohio and Indiana, but nearly all had now given up the trip. It is a singular thing, but all the roads regret that the great majority of the deer shooters come from Ohio and Indiana, the men of those States having apparently a great predilection for this form of sport.

When asked how many deer hunters the road carried into Wisconsin last year, the representatives of the Milwaukee & St. Paul said that they thought they took over 1,000 and perhaps nearly 2,000 to the pine woods of Wisconsin last fall for the purpose of deer hunting. They thought it quite within bounds to say that there are 6,000 deer hunters in the Wisconsin country every fall—possibly more than that. This I am quite disposed to think the case, for thus I have statements from two railroads which alone took nearly 4,000 men there last fall. This leaves out all the other railroads, all the unknown parties who bought tickets and left no record, and all the

resident deer hunters. These figures are very large and very interesting, showing as they do what an industry even a single line of sport may becomewhen developed and defined.

The end of this week will close the deer season for 1896, and it is safe to say that the deer will be much increased in numbers by the hitch in the law.

Messrs. Walter Dupee and C. S. Wilcox, shooting from the same blind on Horicon Marsh last week, got eighty-seven ducks one day, and on the next morning bagged twenty-one before 9 A. M. This is top bag for that locality so far as known.

Mr. Dupee was at Swan Lake Club just before the late warm spell struck this region, and though the birds had been in there by the hundreds, he had to bear the sight of their getting up and going elsewhere, back to the North, as he supposed.

L. R. Brown got sixteen ducks at Maksawba one day the past week, the highest bag one remembers for that club this fall.

It is believed by old duck shooters of this country that the ducks are changing their habits and before long will feed almost entirely at night. This would make duck shooting even more difficult, but is a natural result of the constant harrying the birds have all the time.

Personal.

Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, well known among shooters of the country, goes to New York and a number of New England points on business week after next and will visit friends in the East.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, of the sportsmen's rendezvous, the well known billiard hall at 106 Madison street, is lying at home sick at this writing, and will hardly be down at business for some days. Hunting on the Kankakee marshes gave him an attack of fever and ague, which threatens to turn into something worse by way of fever. His friends hope he will not be long confined to his bed, but may shake off the indisposition, so to speak.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

CONFESSIONS OF A DEERSLAYER.

IT is unfortunate that the candid individual who signs the name Deerslayer to a communication in this week's FOREST AND STREAM should have suppressed his name. We would like to exhibit the sportsmanlike prowess of the owner of the name to an admiring world. He thus laments the probability of more restrictive laws this winter designed to regulate the practices of human fiends like himself:

"Now that the season is nearly over and our lawmakers will soon commence business again at Albany, there seems likely to be a strong effort to enact more laws to restrict the sport of deer shooting in the Adirondacks by prohibiting jacking and hounding, because it is claimed that the game is becoming scarce and needs protecting. Such things are always urged by a lot of fancy shooters, with their high-toned ideas of still-hunting, wing shooting, long range rifle practice, etc., and not by real, old-fashioned hunters, who go out for game and want a fair chance to get it."

This cheerful assassin is opposed to all measures which might restrict his sport. Here is his idea of "sport:"

"Of course we go at it in a scientific way and with the best of appliances. Our boats are light and swift, our guides are men of experience, and our dogs are trained to drive the game to the water. We start the dogs out in the morning, and then sit around in comfort and wait until the 'music' comes our way, then jump into the boat with a guide and watch for the deer to come into the lake. Soon he dashes in and starts to swim across, and away we go as fast as a pair of oars can drive the boat. The excitement of such a chase is intense, and only big game hunters enjoy such sport. Overtaking the straining buck, the guide drops his oars, and with a long, forked sapling and a bit of rope deftly slips a noose around the head, and then the good old 10-gauge gun, with a charge of buckshot, makes the supply of venison sure. It is great sport and no error; and the man who is cool-headed and a fair shot is sure to kill the game. Why, my boy, who is a chip of the old block and only twelve years old, killed his deer the first time he went out."

There could be no more powerful argument for the enactment of laws for the prohibition of inhuman practices in deer hunting than the bland confessions of the diabolical Kurd who writes this letter. It is nothing but the presence in the woods of such creatures as this, whom an inscrutable Providence permits to live, that makes stricter regulations necessary. The true sportsman is a gentleman. His idea of sport is that which has characterized venery in every age; to match woodcraft and skill against the keen scent, the intelligence and fleetness of the hunted animal; to give the quarry a fair chance for its life, and to bring it down, if at all, by one of those "long range" feats of marksmanship which this deerslayer affects to despise. For such "high-toned" sportsmen no restrictions whatever would be necessary. But when a brute like the correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM finds "noble sport" in hounding a deer into a lake, chasing him as he swims until the animal is exhausted, getting a guide to lasso him with a noose and hold him quiet while the "sportsman," at 3ft. distance, fires a charge of buckshot into the deer's panting body—it is for such butchers that laws are enacted, and against such that the laws must be enforced.

For four successive sessions *The Mail and Express* has caused to be introduced, and has strenuously and persistently advocated, a bill to prohibit the killing of deer, either from boats, by the practice known as "jacking" or "floating," or by chasing and killing the animals while swimming in the water. It has been a long fight, and against a powerful lobby composed largely of "Deerslayers" and their abettors and entertainers, and the fight is not yet ended. Last year we scored a partial success, that is, the legal season for "jacking" was cut down from ten weeks to two. Senator Malby, Assemblymen Sanger, Laimbeer, Husted and others made a brave fight for the total prohibition, but were compelled to accept a compromise which gave them so nearly what was sought by the friends of game protection.

But this is not enough, and the fact that the Adirondack forests are still infested with gangs of deerslayers of the type of the correspondemt of FOREST AND STREAM makes it necessary that the next Legislature should abolish entirely not only "jacking," which, while destructive and unsportsmanlike is still indulged in by gentlemen, but it should also put a stop to those atrocious butcheries in which "Deerslayer" and his precocious cub so delighted themselves. Such a bill will be introduced early in the next session, and we shall ask of FOREST AND STREAM, and of the intelligent and humane press throughout the State, to give it their hearty and vigorous support.—*New York Mail and Express.*

SUNDAY SHOOTERS IN RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Throughout this State the Sunday gunner is not regarded with favor. There is a law which makes him subject to a fine, and several successful prosecutions have been made under its provisions. Just at this present season the matter is being agitated, and the better class of sportsmen are in favor of a more rigid enforcement by the constables of the towns and the police. In rural towns there is no doubt about the strength of the sentiment against the man who shoots on Sunday, for many of the farmers are of the church-going class. The General Laws read, Chapter 110, Section 3: "Every person, not being at the time under military duty, who shall discharge any rifle, gun, musket, blunderbuss, fowling piece, pistol, air gun, spring gun or other small arms, or any contrivance arranged to discharge shot, bullets, arrows, darts or other missiles, except upon land owned or occupied by him, or by permission of the owner or occupant of the land on or into which he may shoot within the compact part of any town or city, or not being at the time on military duty, shall anywhere discharge any of such arms or contrivances on Sunday, shall be fined not exceeding $20."

This matter should be looked at not only from a Sabbath standpoint, but also from the point of view of the true sportsman. The game is not over plenty and in the open season is worked pretty hard by the hunters, and in behalf of legitimate sport it will be found to be advisable to give the birds one day's rest in the seven. Yet another point in the enforcement of this Sunday law is that the Sunday gunner is, as a rule, a man who knowingly violates this law, and one, moreover, who will shoot at any season, in defiance of the close law; so that he is deserving of but little sympathy on the "only day" plea. More than this, he is robbing the man of sport who does observe the law and does not shoot on the Sabbath. The prominent clubs that are interested in shooting and the preservation of game are heartily in favor of this provision, and next season it is hoped to make Sunday a "close day" on game birds by the enactment of proper legislation.

W. H. M.

FOREST PRESERVE RESOLUTIONS.

AT a largely attended meeting of the Brooklyn Democratic Club Thursday, Oct. 29, Hon. Harrington Putnam presiding, the following address, presented by A. H. Eastmond, was unanimously adopted and issued to the voters of the State:

The Brooklyn Democratic Club, always zealous for the welfare of the people, now appeals to all citizens, irrespective of party affiliations, to vote against the proposed amendment to Section 7 of Article VII. of the Constitution of the State.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1894, but thirty-three proposed amendments were deemed worthy of adoption, and that relating to the protection of the State forests was the only one unanimously adopted.

We invite the careful attention of all voters to the following facts:

First—That the adoption of the amendment permitting the leasing of the land within the State forest preserve will lead to the destruction of the timber, the selection by clubs and a few wealthy individuals of the choice locations, to the exclusion of the public.

Second—That the only advocates of the amendment are those actuated by selfish motives in securing parcels of these lands for their private gain.

Third—That the preservation of the forest is absolutely necessary to the agricultural pursuits of the State and the industries that depend upon the canals and rivers for transportation. The destruction of this great watershed will rapidly decrease the supply and force of water throughout the State, thereby increasing the danger from fire and the cost of insurance.

Fourth—That the amendment now submitted to the people was considered when the whole subject was before the Constitutional Convention of 1894, and was then defeated on its merits.

Fifth—That the selfish projectors of this amendment have selected a Presidential campaign in which to bring it before the people in the evident hope that the unsuspecting public's attention will be diverted by the important questions to be settled, and vote "Yes" upon a question upon which they are not informed.

The Brooklyn Democratic Club trust that when the people are made aware of the hidden purposes of this amendment they will not fail to mark an X in the "No" square in the ballot reading: "Shall the proposed amendment to Sec. 7 of Art. VII. of the Constitution, relating to forest preserves, be adopted?"

News from the Nation.

LOCO, I. T., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weather remains very dry here, and we shall have no duck shooting to mention, although there are occasional flocks passing over every day. A few geese are stopping on the prairies, but they are so wild that it seems useless to try to shoot them. I was out on Saturday last with a companion after quail. The cover is so dense that one's percentage runs very low. The birds were all found in the cornfields, but sought the thickets immediately upon being flushed. We only succeeded in bagging thirty-two, twenty-four of these falling to my 16-gauge Parker.

I am informed that we at last have a law that will afford all the protection necessary to our game here. It is strictly a non-export law, and I have no doubt it will be vigorously enforced. It is likely the work of the several gun clubs hereabout, and while it will prevent any visiting shooter carrying any game out with him, it will not hinder anyone from coming here and having a good time camping and shooting. (I inclose clipping from a Denison, Texas, paper, giving the essential points of this law.)

An idea of the depletion of game birds here may be drawn when I tell you that one day last week the marshal at Duncan liberated thirty-seven dozens of quail for one lone netter. This has had a telling effect on netting here.

L. D. W.

The Chickasaw Legislature has just enacted a very stringent game law that will knock hunters out. The law provides that no person whomsoever shall be permitted to go to the Chickasaw nation and kill any game whatsoever and carry, ship or convey it beyond the boundaries of that nation. No person whomsoever shall kill, net or ensnare any game whatsoever only for the immediate necessities of the person or persons named. This law goes into effect at once and the punishment for breaking it is a fine of not less than $25 nor more than $100. The terms of the law are such that all manner of hunting in the Territory where the game is to be shipped or carried away is positively forbidden.

That Moose.

THE pleasures of life are all in the anticipation. Any one will acknowledge that the anticipation of killing a moose is way ahead of the reality. Consequently the man who has gone moose hunting and failed to bag his moose is a happier man than the one who meets with success, for he may still enjoy the pleasure in anticipation.

MR. G. H. Haulenbeck, who is head of one of the most successful advertising agencies in New York, is confessedly of this opinion. He has returned from Maine without his moose, and should not be a bit sorry that the world still contains for him an exquisite sensation with which he is not familiar.

Besides Mr. Haulenbeck, the party consisted of George F. Durgin, of Concord, N. H., and R. T. Supple, of Middleboro, Mass.

For guides they had Arthur Hackett, Algy Spearin and Frank Chase.

Their headquarters were on Spider Lake on the Allaguash waterswed, three days' journey from Ox Bow up the Aroostook River, via Munsungun, Chase and Echo lakes. They had to combat a swift current most of the way, and setting poles were in constant use. They saw a great deal of fresh sign, but the rainy weather which characterized the first part of the season this year ruined their sport.

Up on Leadbetter Pond the tracks of moose and caribou were so thick that the shores looked like a well-traveled towpath or the floor of a pig sty, and when coming back over carries at night they frequently saw the tracks of large moose that had traveled the carries since they had passed in the morning. Deer were abundant, and when the party returned to the railroad they saw several moose that had been killed. In Mr. Haulenbeck's opinion there is better hunting nearer the railroad than way back in the big woods.

"Why, we took the best part of two weeks going and coming," said he, "a length of time that would have been amply sufficient to put us on hunting grounds in the Rocky Mountains, and saw no moose; while, on the other hand, plenty of moose were killed right on the railroad. I am going up again in December for a moose, but this time I shall take a place that is easier of access." B.

New Brunswick Game.

THE Rev. E. A. Slack and E. B. Holmes, Esq., of Brookline, Mass., were in St. John on Friday on their way home from the hunting grounds of the Miramichi. Both gentlemen were in the best of humor. They were able to show as a result of a few weeks' cruise not only well-browned countenances and a generally rugged appearance, but they also brought with them the largest pair of moose horns which ever left that part of New Brunswick. They had each equal luck, each killing two bull moose and three caribou, and they were greatly charmed with this part of the country.—*St. John Globe, Oct. 17.*

It is to be hoped that Mr. Holmes or Mr. Slack will favor the readers of FOREST AND STREAM with some account of their adventures. They may fairly claim to have broken the record on New Brunswick big game. They had with them the well-known guide, Arthur Pringle, who would appear to have at his disposal not only the finest caribou grounds in this Province, but an excellent moose country as well. It is said that the two largest moose were adorned with horns measuring 54 and 51in. respectively; that one of them required seven .45-90 bullets to give him his quietus, and enlivened the proceedings by charging his foes, while the other after four bullets went away and was accidentally found lying dead in a lake three days afterward. All of this ought to make very interesting reading if set forth in detail in the comely pages of FOREST AND STREAM. But what do the people who favor pop-guns for moose think of the above additional evidence of the insufficiency of the .45-90? A well-known sportsman gave me a harrowing account recently of his efforts to kill a bull moose with a .40-44 repeater. He emptied twelve shots into the animal and then had to go to camp for more ammunition. He got his moose, but he wasn't very proud.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 26.

Maine Big Game.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—Mr. E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence, is again out of the Maine woods from his fall shooting trip. He was hunting about three weeks, and brings home his full legal quota of two deer. He was accompanied by Mr. Homer Sayer and another friend or two. They went to their usual camp, to Lincoln, on the Aroostook Railway, and from thence to Lee. Mr. Lewis's daughter was the first lady to bring out a Maine deer this season, and while in the woods had an experience not usually falling to the lot of women. The gentlemen of the party were ahead, following up an old tote road, Miss Lewis and a lady friend were following behind a half mile or more, and the tote sled with their camping outfit was behind the ladies. Looking to one side, they beheld, but a few rods away, a huge bull moose, with tremendous horns, eyeing them closely. To say that the ladies were frightened only half expresses their sensation. They stopped, and suppose that they turned pale, though no one was near to accuse them of this womanly weakness. The big fellow stood his ground till the team came up, and even then moved rather deliberately away. The ladies were unarmed. This time Miss Lewis did not have her hand camera, for it was on the sled, but the desire for it was great. The moose stood in a very fair light, and would have given some excellent snap shots.

The accounts of big moose slain begin to be more frequent. A Bangor report says that Dr. Grey, of Lynn, has secured the largest moose antlers on record. The moose was shot in Aroostook county, and brought to Bangor to be mounted. On one of the antlers there are twenty-one points, and on the other seventeen points. It is said that the antlers belonging to the Prince of Wales, which are now the second largest in the world, have sixteen and eighteen points. The length of the blades of the antlers of Dr. Grey's moose is 3ft. 2in., and each is 15in. in width. The spread of the antlers is 57in.; not a very remarkable measurement. Dr. Jones, of Lynn, was with Dr. Grey, and also brought out a moose. SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Ducks in Barnegat Bay.

BARNEGAT INLET, N. Y., Oct. 29.—At the present moment there are more ducks and geese in Barnegat Bay, in the vicinity of the Inlet, than has been known for many years past, and best of all they are of good quality, red-head, cub-head, widgeon, teal and broadbill, and in excellent condition owing to the abundance of young mussels and other food. For several days past I have seen an almost unbroken line of wildfowl, "bedded," as we call it, from abreast of Cedar Creek to the Clam Islands. Tens of thousands would feebly express their numbers, I might better say solid acres of them.

Occasionally, as a passing boat approaches them, they rise in clouds, and as they wheel and turn in the sunlight the flash of their breasts and wings are bewildering and beautiful to look upon. It makes the gunner rub his hands and think of what sport there is in store for him as soon as the wind freshens. The Great Sedge Islands are certainly getting their share of the sport this fall, as I have talked with several parties who have gunned from these points and have seen their bags too, and all report fine sport and ducks of good quality.

At Harvey Cedars they report only fair sport, as the birds are at present out in the bay or bedded to the east of the Sedge Island and north of Buster Island. Geese are arriving daily in flocks of twenty-five to seventy-five and soon we shall have fine sport with these noble fellows. Brant are rather backward in making their appearance this fall, as I have seen and shot only a few to date. Very few canvasbacks are shot here, but I saw two last Saturday which were killed by a Mr. Culbert, of New York, from northwest point on the Great Sedge, near the Inlet. SEA DOG.

Long Island Deer Shooting.

DOWN on Long Island the deer season opened Wednesday with a salvo of artillery. With a good strong east wind blowing the noise of battle might be heard almost to New York. Travelers unacquainted with the cause no doubt ascribed a political significance to the muttering reverberations that shook the heavens, but even a Presidential election is of slight consequence to Islip and Hauppauge, Smithtown and Ronkonkoma, Stony Brook, St. James or Patchogue compared with the opening of the deer season.

Long before daylight the hunters assemble, coming in ghostly train from all quarters of the compass. Their dogs are put on tracks found by lantern light, and with the first pink tinge of dawn the game is afoot. By sunrise the fun has become fast and furious, and guns are heard booming in all directions, now singly, now in volleys, till the brimstone smells to heaven and the dim cloud of battle envelopes the scene.

The hunting territory lies on three sides of the grounds of the South Side Sportsmen's Club and the lands belonging to Messrs. Vanderbilt, Roberts, Cutting and Fraser, which adjoin, and under the most favorable conditions is very limited in extent. All the lands named are posted, and this year the free territory is still further contracted on account of the closing to the general public of various tracts that formerly were open to all.

The Bohemia Club, the Fur, Fin and Feather Club, a hotel-keeper named Mucklewitz, and others, have leased the best portions of the adjoining territory, and appointed deputies to keep outsiders off. Already several arrests for trespass have been reported, and aside from the railroad track and public roads there are few stands open to outsiders. This means that the hunters will be more concentrated than ever, and that the danger to human life will be just so much greater than in former years.

Queer Things in Camp.

TEMPE, Ariz., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "What strange things we see, etc."

Have just returned from a six weeks' camping trip, during which we visited the Natural Bridge (said to be the largest in the world), the Ice Cave, the Cliff Dwellings and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. We had plenty of venison—blacktail deer—turkey, antelope, squirrels and quail. I caught 140 fine trout. Ice caves and trout in connection with torrid Arizona may sound strange to many, but it is nevertheless true.

On the trip we met with a camping party who had a box of "silver gloss" starch. What for? we naturally asked. No answer, when the small boy came to our relief with "I don't know what for. It ain't good, though, 'cause pa tried it in his bread this morning."

We left them without finding why they had it with them.

One of the first things I did after getting settled at home was to pick up dear old FOREST AND STREAM. The first thing I saw was "A Moose Hunt in Maine," by Capt. Taylor. We note the Captain's menu: "2lbs. Kenso pilot bread, one-half bushel potatoes, * * * a flour sieve." In the name of all that's good in politics, what for?" If the good Captain will tell I'll try to find out why they had the starch. G. A. SCROGGS.

Game Laws of Newfoundland.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see a notice of this in your issue of the 24th. The law as it stands is a farce, and if meant to hamper and keep out foreign sportsmen is likely to be successful. No sportsman of course cares to kill a stag unless his horns are hard. But he, the shooter, may begin to shoot on July 15 and continue until Oct. 6, when there is a close time till Nov. 10. The greatest nonsense was talked in the House of Assembly at St. John's as regards the rutting season and other habits of the caribou. As a fact, the horns of the caribou are hard about Sept. 7, and the rutting season begins about Sept. 15 and lasts till near the end of October. But in Newfoundland the big stags don't show up but rarely before the 4th or 5th of October, the best time to get them being from the 7th to 25th. But the unfortunate sportsman is stopped shooting on Oct. 7 and not allowed to commence again before Nov. 10, by which date the big stags have dropped their horns.

Then begins the wholesale slaughter by the settlers. A gun is also reduced to three stags and two does. Why not to five deer if he likes all stags? A more absurd bill has never passed into law. But then on the part of some people in Newfoundland there is a great jealousy of outsiders. RICHARD L. DASHWOOD.

A New Hampshire Side-Hunt.

LEBANON, N. H., Oct. 27.—It is the custom of our local sportsmen to engage in an annual hunt. Sides are chosen, and a day is spent in the woods and fields looking after the birds and squirrels. The hunt for this season occurred last week, and although the weather was very unfavorable for such sport the result was quite satisfactory. The following list of game was brought in: Four foxes, ten coons, twenty-one partridges, forty-six grey squirrels, five quail, one woodcock, one duck, two owls. New Hampshire has rightly gained the reputation of being an ideal summer resort on account of her grand mountains and beautiful lakes, but the tourist with a taste for sporting, who lingers until the autumn days, will not only enjoy the bracing air and fine scenery, but will find game enough to interest him in the old Granite State. W. S. C.

Back from the North Woods.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fred Sauter's hunting party has returned from the Adirondacks, bringing with them four deer. Of these Valentine Schmitt killed two, F. Siegler one, and Fred Sauter, Jr., one. The party hunted at Paradox Lake and Johnson Pond, finding the best hunting in the latter neighborhood. Their headquarters were at Laymond's Riverside Inn, Severance, N. Y.

On their return Mr. Schmitt entertained a large number of his friends, including many prominent people, at a venison supper in his Brooklyn hotel. B.

Moose are Protected in Ontario.

DUNNVILLE, Ontario, Can., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly allow me through your columns to ask your correspondent G. L. B., of Elizabethtown, N. Y., to go one better in pointers, and tell us where "Horace Braman, the well-known guide," has gone to in Ontario to hunt moose for a month? As we do not allow any one to kill or hunt moose in Ontario until 1900, we would gladly send one of our wardens up to help him.

DR. G. A. MACCALLUM,
Ontario Game and Fish Commissioner.

Wild Ducks Breeding in South Carolina.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have any of your correspondents of the last two years noted that the mallard and black ducks are beginning to stay South all summer and breed in our large marshes?

We have noted it for three years, and increasing numbers about the mouth of Santee River and Wingate Bay, which is perhaps the greatest winter resort of these ducks in the United States, owing to the proximity of so many rice fields. E. P. ALEXANDER.

Vermont Grouse.

PUTNEY, Vt., Oct. 20.—I send you a picture which shows the result of a day's outing after ruffed grouse in southern Vermont, and while the string is not large it ought to satisfy any sportsman. The birds were killed over Mr. Willard's English setter Ned, only eleven months old. Grouse are very plentiful here, and a party of three with a good dog can easily bag from eight to fifteen or twenty in a day's shooting. W. E. AYRES.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XIX.—Antoine Gardapee.

(Concluded.)

THE Christmas sun was not too bright for a winter day and there was no wind. I was roused by the loud tapping of the great northern woodpecker on one of the logs of our house. This large bird is almost extinct to-day and few young men have seen it alive. Its length was 18in. and its tappings were in proportion. Antoine had been up some time and was smoking his pipe by the fire, for he was one of those who can smoke before breakfast. When he saw me up he rose and with a hearty shake said: "Merry C'ris'mas, I'll hope you'll be all well," and he prepared the breakfast. As I went to the spring to wash I looked at my unshaven face in its glassy surface and wondered what the good people at home would say if such an apparition should walk in on them, for we had no razors nor mirrors, and had been all winter in the wilds of Wisconsin, with only an occasional Indian visitor to look at us.

The spring near our cabin was the head of a bit of marshy ground which was so filled with springs that it never froze nor was even covered with snow, as it soon melted and drained off into a tributary of the Bad Ax. But on this Christmas morning of 1855 there was a woodcock feeding in that marsh. I saw it plainly, flushed it, and know that it was a woodcock. Those who have followed these sketches will credit me with knowing this bird when I see it. Why it was there is a question. It could fly well.

After breakfast, and the meditative smoking which seemed part of Antoine's religion, I thought of fleshing some skins, but Antoine said: "Let da skin res' to-day, all res', all man he res' on C'ris'mas; you doan do no work w en he come in you' home; no, sare, you doan do not'ing but res', all a peep' da res'. W'at you say, hey?"

"I say that I can't sit by this fire all day just because its Christmas, I wouldn't sit down that way if I was home among my people, I'd walk around, and if I'd been at hard work all the week I might go and spear eels through the ice. A live man can't sit like a lump on a log all day. There's no place to go here and these last skins want fleshing and I want something to do, that's all."

"You go spear da heel on C'ris'mas, hey? Well, he's all right in da hafternoon, but I go in da church on a C'ris'mas mornin', and mebbe I'll got drunk in a hafternoon, I'll doan work on no ole skin an' Ill doan spear no heel; on'y res'."

"Do you ever go to church any other day in the year, Antoine? I'll bet fifty mink skins you don't, and the chances are that you go to a dance on Christmas Eve and sleep all the next morning and don't get to church at all."

"W'at you talk? Did you say some prayer w'en you got hup dis mornin'? No! I'll bet nine or 'leven mink you ha'n't said prayer all da wint'. I'll count all-a my bead 'fore you'll git hup. I'll tole you I'll got s'prise wot make you' eye bung hout. Dat make no dif' w'en I'll go in da church, I'll show you some C'ris'mas dinna till you bu'st you' belt, you bet. I'll been look hout all-a wint' for see da day come w'en we res' an' heat jess lak' da peep' way down da riv' by Potosi."

Our food had been simple, but always in plenty. Venison, coon, bear, rabbit, partridge and fish prepared in several ways, as boiled, fried, broiled or roasted; and we had good bread, coffee, sugar and an occasional bean soup. The fat of the bear and the coon was as good as lard and often our stale bread was soaked and fried. So we had a good substitute for butter and lard, and the only thing that might have been lacking was the potato, which would be difficult to keep and was too bulky to carry. Surely this was good living for healthy men in a wilderness in winter. But from hints which Antoine dropped from time to time this profusion might not last. This was the first idle day of the winter, and as my partner had intimated that he was going to surprise me with a Christmas dinner I left him to arrange it and wandered out with my snowshoes and snow-blinders.

Heretofore I had always gone up the several little streams which formed the east and west branches of the Bad Ax River, where our traps were set. To-day I would go down the stream, which I had not seen since we brought our provisions up its valley in the fall. I had gone about two miles when a log invited me to rest. The winter landscape was beautiful; the bluish tints of the twigs against the sky and along the stream relieved the whiteness and the day was perfect. A rabbit came slowly jumping along and passed within 20ft. of my log and soon a fox appeared following its track, but took the alarm at several times 20ft. and trotted off over the hill, with an occasional glance over his shoulder to make sure that the man on the log was not following. I fell to thinking how animals differ, just as men do: one dull and unperceiving, and another alert and watchful. A child could have shot the rabbit, but only a rifleman could have touched reynard.

Then came a thought that food might be scarce with us, as what Antoine had said was recalled. As I understood the case, the deer were in "yards" where they had trampled the snow so that the crust did not cut their legs, and as they could not forage far they were getting poor. And these yards were some distance off, so that a special trip of twenty miles or more would have to be made to get venison. Bears had gone into winter quarters, and would not stir out for a couple of months. Partridges found food scarce, were poor, and were eating bitter buds, which made them unpalatable. Coons were laid up, like the bears, and there was a prospect of scant rations. Antoine said that some trappers ate the flesh of the pine marten, or sable, and the related species called pekan, fisher, black cat, etc.; but Antoine wouldn't eat them, and very naturally I refused them. I should think that a man would have to be very hungry to eat any of the tribe to which the mink and weasel belong. We do not care to eat the animals whose diet is exclusively flesh—such as the cats and dogs—whether we call them tigers or wolves, but the deer and the sheep are vegetarians, while the bear and the hog eat similar food, and we eat them. It looked as though we must live on rabbit and our present store of venison and bear the rest of the winter, and rabbits were not plenty.

While engaged in such thoughts a gray squirrel came in sight and I watched it run up a tree and jump into another, and then it stopped at a hole in a tall tree and seemed to want to enter it, and then appeared afraid and would draw back and then peer in again. The tree was an oak, and the hole was small, like a woodpecker's. I noted that the bark on it was torn, and as the sun was high I went back home.

"Hello!" said Antoine, "I'll t'ink you go got los', an' I mus' heat a C'ris'mas din' all 'lone. Jess in tam, an' glad for see you! *Bon jour!*"

We shook hands like old friends long parted, and he motioned me to my seat at table with courtly grace, and it began to dawn upon me that I was, for this occasion, not his partner, but his guest. He had prepared the dinner alone, as he had intimated he would, and he was host, *chef*, *garcon* and companion all in one on this Christmas Day in the wilds of Wisconsin. The first course was a soup of deer shanks with the marrow-bones cracked; but I will try to put that memorable dinner in the shape that some *chef* of to-day would put it, when it would be like this, with my translation:

MENU.

POTAGE.
Consommé du bois. (Deer shank soup.)

POISSON.
Saumon du font, au naturel. (Brook trout fried.)

RELEVÉ.
Tranches d'agneau montebello. (Venison steak with sweet sauce.)
Aqua pura. (Bad Ax water.)

ENTRÉES.
Poularde á la chevreuse. (Boiled partridge.
Haricots. (Baked beans.)
Vin du Bad AX.

ENTREMETS DE DOUCEUR.
Pouding de ris au fruites. (Rice pudding with raisins.
Café. Tobac.

Now I ask you—I mean you sportsmen old and young—how does that seem to you for a Christmas dinner either in the woods or in the wildest restaurants of New York city?

Most of these things we had cooked in one shape or another, but never such a lay-out as that at one feed. The great surprise came with the rice pudding with raisins, for I had no idea that these things were in camp, but Antoine had smuggled a handful of rice and a few raisins among the things bought at Prairie du Chien for just such a treat, and the old man enjoyed my surprise. The whole dinner was a surprise, for that matter; but the rice and raisins, well, they more than filled the bill. The "tobac" was burned by the fire, and after such a gorge we laid ourselves down and slept until dark.

We were awakened by the entrance of Ah-se-bun, the raccoon, who accepted the invitation to dinner, and he not only cleaned up what we had left, but he put a polish on every bone until he could work no more. There was a big lot of the rice pudding left, but when he finished the last of it he grunted, "Nish-ish-shin," and curled up to sleep.

As Antoine and I sat by the fire while the Indian snored I told him about the oak tree and the squirrel

which I had seen in the morning; seeing that I might not have thought of it again but for the fact that the tree was so scarred, as by some large animal climbing it.

"Ba Gar," said he, "ole pard, I'll tole you what. Shake! You done foun' a bee tree an' we'll gat da honey. Whoop! I'll tole you we'll got no bear meat no mo' w'en da las' one he all heat up an' da deer he all in da yard an' poor, I'll tole you da honey he come in good an' I'll cut da bee tree w'en da day come. You do good t'ing w'en you go down da riv'. Shake!"

I was curious to know why Ah-se-bun was the only Indian who visited us except the party which once came with him, and why he seemed to be wandering up and down, and never carried a gun. Antoine told me that there was an encampment of Indians about 150 miles north on the Flambeau River, a branch of the Chippewa; another some sixty miles due east on the Wisconsin River, and a third one thirty miles southeast on the same stream. Our friend was a sort of messenger between the three camps, and our cabin was a convenient point for him to stop, eat and rest. As Antoine put it, our guest did not carry a rifle because he always started with some "grub," but would prefer to go hungry for a few days, if necessary, to carrying a rifle and such game as he might kill. Then it was all plain. Ah-se-bun could go hungry for two or three days, eat enough to last a week and go on, and he was too lazy to hunt and carry his gun and game. Afterward I learned that he was not peculiar in all this, but that they were the common traits of his race. As near as I can make out from the map of Wisconsin in a school atlas of to-day we were on the fork of the Bad Ax River in what is now Vernon county, and just north of Readstown; but there was no town, village or settlement on the river that we saw or heard of when we went up it in 1855. At any rate, we were near the main forks of the river and our cabin was between the streams.

Our Christmas festival was ended. The morrow would bring the regular routine work, only varied by the conditions of weather.

> "We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
> We hang up garlands ev'rywhere
> And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
> And feast and frolic—and then we go
> Back to the same old lives again."

It was a happy Christmas because all our simple wants were filled. We were warm and well fed; every wish had been gratified as far as we had wishes, for we could say with Biron, in "Love's Labour's Lost:"

> "At Christmas I no more desire a rose
> Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows."

And so with minds at peace and bodies prepared for rest we stepped over the sleeping Indian by the fire and crawled into our own blankets, and if there were any visions they were of the loved ones at home.

In the morning Antoine used a file on his axe while I prepared the breakfast, and then Ah-se-bun went down the stream with us as far as the bee tree, and continued his journey without even a good-by grunt or the slightest expression of interest in our work. This sort of thing had ceased to exasperate me, and I was getting used to what Antoine termed "Injun unpoliteness," for said he: "Dem Injun he t'ink it smart to be unpolite, but he lak you an' he doan lak you, an' he doan tole you how much. Hit make no dif'. Ole Ah-se-bun he say, 'Kego-e-kay nish-ish-shin,' an' he mean you good man."*

"That may be all right, Antoine, but when the hungry ouss comes into camp he is polite and gives us the *bon jour*, which he learned from your people; but when he's got his belly full he goes off and never gives us a grunt—which is the salutation of his people. It may be all right, but I don't like it. Your people and mine give as warm a shake at parting as they do at meeting, and when we have been entertained we say 'good-by' if no more."

"W'en you know Injun better you fine heem hout more, an' you doan mind. You know w'at make da scratch all-a bark f'um da bee tree an' roun' da hole? I'll tole you. He's a bear, an' he'll clam hup for getta da hun' an' fine da hole too small. Da bee he on'y come las' year, 'cause da bark on'y scratch hoff dis a-wint'."

Antoine cut down the big oak without help. I was fully as strong as he was, but when it came to handling an axe my wild blows counted but little, while not one of his was wasted. I could strike once in a place, but Antoine's stump was a level one; and the tree, if straight, would be weakened to the proper point on the side he wished it to fall before the other side was touched. An expert axeman is a mechanic in a broad sense. I never was an expert with the axe like Gladstone, Len Jewell, Antoine and other great men.

The great oak fell, and limbs which kept the trunk from the ground were cut, and then the question was: Is the store of honey above or below the small hole, which was not large enough to admit a man's hand? A careful examination of the hole showed that a dead limb had left a place which woodpeckers had followed into the heart of the tree, and the rains and the frosts had helped them to enlarge their excavations in the decayed heart, but the yearly growth of sap-wood had kept the outer hole small. The bees had so closed the hole with wax that the rain was shed outwardly, and when we cut off a section 2ft. above and a like distance below the hole, and split it, we found a store of honey that made us cut poles in order to carry it home in a roll of bark. It not only helped us out through the season of scant game, but we took some honey home to Potosi. What's that? You want to know what became of the poor bees which had laid up this store to keep them through the winter? In the name of man, what do you think? They simply died from cold and hunger; what's that to us? You fellows who think that because a bee had laid up a store for the winter by hard work he is entitled to use it to preserve his life make me tired. What is the suffering or death of any animal to man, if he wants the product of its labor to tickle his palate, or its fur to supply the demands of fashion? What is the suffering of his fellow man to him if he fills his coffers? Yet this spirit of selfishness exists throughout all nature; the fox eats the rabbit, but there are men who have sacrificed self for principle, a motive beyond anything that is possible for one of the "lower animals" to do, and after all there are men who are really honest as the world goes who will rob a hard-working bee of the fruits of its summer labor and leave it to perish in the winter.

A month later there was a thaw and I got caught in it. The thongs in the snowshoes softened and stretched, and in places where the shade of hills or trees preserved the temperature the snow packed and froze on the thongs until it was severe work to lift a foot. Frequent recourse to the stream removed the snow, but it was only a temporary relief, and progress was slow and painful. The crust had softened, and without snowshoes a man would sink down at least 20in., which was knee-deep for me, and in snow packed by laying all winter this made travel impossible without snowshoes, while with them a thaw like this clogged them so that they were of little use. It was evident that I must make a camp for the night before the regular camping place could be reached, and before nightfall I had a shelter constructed against a huge log by means of poles and brush, and a bed of balsam boughs kept my blankets from the snow. I was out three nights on this trip, and was lame and sore on reaching the cabin. The stream was so high and rapid that it would have involved some extra miles of travel to find a crossing place if Antoine had not felled a great oak across the swollen brook at the point where he knew I would reach it.

Antoine had a severe toothache. It had troubled him a little for some weeks, but now it was raging. Tobacco had no effect upon it, and he suffered in silence except when an extra twinge forced a *sacre* or a big D from him. He ate little, but sat by the fire and thought. Pipe after pipe was filled and emptied, and still he thought. My sore muscles kept me still until it was about time to turn in, and as I moved Antoine looked up and said: "I'll tole you. You gat pull dis toot'. I'll can't stan' heem no mo', you mus' pull-a heem. W'at you say, hey? I'll t'ink I'll wait till you come back, but he hurt lak da dev'."

Here was a strange job indeed. In the course of my short experience I could remember going down the Greenbush bank to Dr. Getty and seeing him wrap a handkerchief around what he called a "turnkey," and then I nearly fainted when he told me to open my mouth while he applied that villainous thing, which was like a "cant hook" which lumbermen use to roll logs, or like a stump puller, and twisted a molar out of my jaw by turning such a handle as a corkscrew has. Later, Dr. Frisbee had used the more modern forceps on one of my incisors, and these recollections were vivid, as they called up the sensation of nerves pulled until they snapped like a harp string. I ran these things over rapidly and said:

"Antoine, I hav'n't got a tool to pull a tooth with and wouldn't know how to pull it if I had. I've seen the loose teeth of children pulled with a thread, but that tooth of yours is solid in your jaw. I can't do it, no use of talking about it."

"I'll gat da t'ing all plan," said he, "I'll tole you. 'Fore you come I'll run up all da lead in bullet for you' big gun an' mine. Dan we gat no use for da mole. You'll tak da mole an' pull da toot', hey?"

"Antoine, I can't pull that tooth with a bullet mould, it isn't the right shape, and it won't hold. I'll only torture you and you'd better wait until we get back to civilization. The tooth may be better in a few days. Try and bear it, we'll be home in a few weeks, and then if it troubles you there will be a chance to have it pulled by some dentist; I can't do it, and that is all there is about it."

"Now look-a here. See how I'll fix da mole for pull-a toot'." And he showed me how he had ruined a good bullet mould to make a poor pair of forceps. He had taken one of the files which we brought to sharpen our axes and had filed off the outsides of the mould into the cavity until the thing resembled a blacksmith's pincers. Then he had roughened the tips to make a grip for them, and had actually hollowed the edges to fit his tooth. I looked the thing over with conflicting emotions. Here was an instrument of torture which in expert hands might relieve suffering, but in mine seemed sure to increase it. One thing was certain, Antoine was in earnest; he was desperate; no suicide was ever more so. He watched my face and after a while said: "W'at you say, hey?"

"I say that I want to help you out of your agony, but I don't believe I can do it."

"You 'fraid you hurt me, hey?"

"Yes, Antoine, that's just it, I'm afraid I will hurt you and not do you any good."

"I'll tole you, he mak' no dif'. I'll gat all da hurt. W'at for you 'fraid? You no getta hurt; come on, I'll tak' da chance; you tole how you want me for set down so you pull da bee'."

Putting fresh logs on the fire and bringing in some brush to make a bright light, for the old man would not wait until morning, I looked at the offending tooth. For the benefit of my dentist friends who have given me the most exquisite form of torture applied to man in modern days, I will say that the offending tooth was a pre-molar on the right side of the lower jaw.*

Antoine laid himself on the floor and I sat with my back to the logs of the cabin. If they did not give way I was all right. I pulled him up to me, put a wooden plug between his molars to keep his mouth open, planted both feet on his shoulders, put the improvised forceps on the tooth and pulled. There was a howl as I pulled with arms and pushed with legs, but the "pullicans" slipped from my hands. They were all right as far as a grip on the tooth went, but they were not made for a strong pull on their handles.

Let us pass over, in a spirit of charity, any remarks that Antoine made. No doubt the recording angel blotted them from the book, as he did the one made by "my Uncle Toby," and I have no desire to go behind the record further than to say that Antoine really did say something when his tooth was started from its socket, but still throbbed with violence.

Antoine arose and looked at me, "more in sorrow than in anger," and I hastened to say: "The mould slipped in my hand, there is no grip on the handles, but if you can stand another go of this I will fix the thing so that the tooth or the bullet moulds will break or I will bring out the tooth or your jaw bone. What you say, hey?"

Antoine merely nodded assent and I put the handles of the bullet mould in the fire and then turned them outward so that they could not slip through my hands. Something must come now if Antoine had not had enough. I was not sure that I could have stood another such a trial if our positions had been reversed, but it is easy to stand it when the other fellow does the suffering. When the handles were cool and all was ready I looked at Antoine, who had resumed his seat by the fire with his jaw in his hand. He arose and said:

"W'en you ready I'll come one odder tam. Mebbe you'll t'ink da ole Frenchman got no game an' he no stan' da gaff.* Come on, I'll be all a-ready." And he lay on the floor in the proper place. His nerve gave me confidence and again I put the plug in his mouth, braced my back against the logs and my moccasins on his shoulders. Carefully pushing the "pullicans" down as far as I could get them, I gripped the handles, straightened my legs and with a snap the tooth came out and my head made a tunk on the log behind that seemed hard enough to have left a dent in either head or log. Antoine jumped up and yelled with joy, He took the tooth and threw it in the fire, saying a verse in his French patois which I did not understand, and after a comforting pipe we went to bed.

Spring came. The melting snows filled the streams. The drumming call of the woodpeckers on a dead tree sounded frequently and the thunder of the cock partridge or ruffed grouse was frequent. Ducks flew up and down the stream and the snow in places was not a foot deep. Antoine said: "I'll tole you. W'en you go on you' line it's las' time to-morrer, an' you bring in all-a steel trap an' let down all-a dead-fall. Da fur he get loose an' begin for to shed an' it's no use to stay here longer w'en you no get da prime skin. We go home. I t'ink; yes!"

I ran my line for the last time and came in and packed up for the home trip. Our packs were arranged and were not as heavy as on the up trip. The provisions were about gone and the furs were dry and light, so we only had to make two trips instead of four from our cabin to the boat.

Our provisions and cooking utensils with one rifle were taken on the first trip and the furs on the second. The otter skins had been stretched on long "shakes" split by Antoine's axe; the other skins, except those of the two wolverines, the deer and bear skins, were "cased" and had been stretched on forked twigs, and therefore the flat hides made a large, broad pack, which was more difficult to get through the forest than the more valuable furs which were cased. Just here it has occurred to me that there are technical terms used in the above that a small boy in the back seats might not understand, and for his benefit I will say that a "flat hide" is one that is split on the belly as a butcher skins an animal. Fine furs are "cased," *i. e.*, only cut on the hinder edge of the hind-legs and the skin drawn off over the head, leaving it like a mitten without a thumb and wrong side out, that is, with the fur inside.

There was a feeling of regret at leaving the cabin, even though it was for home. It had been a home to us, and Antoine fastened up the door, saying: "S'pose we'll come nex' wint'. Who knows? W'en we come we gotta da good ole shanty. Come on." And we turned our backs to our winter home. We stopped a day at the boat to soak it up and swell the seams, and stowed our furs and provisions under the two tarpaulins and cast loose. The Bad Ax was swollen and the current was swift. There was no expenditure of muscle in rowing, but there was an anxiety lest pole or paddle should fail and wreck us on a bend or a riffle. Some of the latter, which we had to make a portage around in the fall, we could shoot now, with more or less risk. When we reached the Wisconsin River we camped and felt that all danger was over. It was plain sailing after this. We killed five mallards with our rifles, and that gave us plenty of fresh duck, and we caught a large pike by trolling a minnow. Next day we merely guided our boat down the river and into the Mississippi, and after one more night out the Father of Waters brought us to Dubuque, some eighteen miles below Potosi, where Antoine had a bachelor's cabin and I had dearer ties.

When we tied up at the wharf at Dubuque and went ashore we met Frank Neaville and learned that all our loved ones were well. Frank went home that night and carried the news of our arrival. There were several fur buyers about Dubuque and they came to see us. I was for selling to the first one, but Antoine would not have it. The buyers came down and handled our furs and bid on them, and finally they were sold for cash one morning. There was a steamer to go up in the afternoon which would run up the Grant River to Potosi. I would go on that, but Antoine had struck some Canuck friends and had got drunk, and I did not want to leave him with the chance of his being robbed by those thieves which then infested the river towns and I went in search of him. I got him on board the boat with one of his friends and gave the steward a good tip to entertain them, and before Antoine knew where he was he found himself ashore at La Fayette, the landing for Potosi, with the major portion of his winter's earnings in his pocket.

Once during the next summer Antoine came to me and made me a proposition to go down in Louisiana and trap next winter. He said that fur was plenty there and in the spring we would take our skins to St. Paul and sell them to some green fur buyers who would think they were Northern furs. I did not do it, but will tell you where I went the next winter later on.

My good friend Hon. J. W. Seaton, of Potosi, Wis., whom I knew in the days of which I am writing, sends me this note in response to a question: "I can give you but little information about Antoine Gardapee, the French trapper you went North with the winter you write about. I remember you both very well and the fact of your going up on the Bad Ax the year before Tom Davies, and you went with the surveying party when Henry Neaville froze his feet, but I can't recall what became of Gardapee further than this: He ran a private ferry on the Mississippi River from Cassville, Wis., to the mouth of Turkey River, Ia., some years after you left Potosi. The generation in which he lived has passed away—the trapper, hunter and Indian have gone to the happy hunting grounds and have left scarce a trace behind them; their names, places, kindred and friends are alike forgotten, and the pall of oblivion hangs over their resting places."

There seems to be nothing to be added to the very good obituary note of Judge Seaton.

FRED MATHER.

---

* Kego-e-kay means "the man who fishes." Kego being the Ojibwa word for fish, and nish-ish-shin is simply a long word meaning good. In the foregoing sketch it may be remembered that I had been named Kego-e-kay by a party which had found me fishing.

* I hereby serve notice on Dr. Nash, who has tortured me in his chair, that if I write up our fishing trip to Blooming Grove Park he need expect no more mercy than I have got from him. Even "the worm will turn," and when I write up that bass fishing on Lake Laura it will be my time to get square and pay up old grudges. I merely quote: "Don't squirm, it ain't a-going to hurt." All things come to him who waits.

* The expression "stand the gaff" was a relic of Antoine's cock-fighting days in Canada, and when he wished to imply that a man had no grit he would say, "He no stan' da gaff."

ANGLING NOTES.

The Father of Fishculture.

STEPHEN LUDWIG JACOBI was born April 28, 1709, upon his ancestral estate of Hohenhausen, in the duchy of Lippe, Province Varenhols, northwestern Germany.

When Jacobi was a youth of seventeen he conceived the idea of artificially fertilizing the eggs of fish for the purpose of restocking lakes and streams, and began a series of painstaking experiments. In 1741 he succeeded in hatching trout artificially, although the discovery was not made public until 1763, but he is known to this day as the father of artificial fish propagation, as Dr. Garlick is known as the "Father of Fishculture in America."

On July 4, 1896, the anniversary of American Independence (as I learn from the London *Fishing Gazette*), a monument was erected to the memory of Jacobi at Hohenhausen by the representatives of the German fisheries' associations. The *Gazette* reproduces a photograph of the memorial and says: "The stone, or rather the huge heap of rough boulders, stands on the site of Jacobi's hatchery, the spot where this modest country gentleman carried out his experiments 150 years ago, on the banks of the Kolle, the beautiful little stream where nature taught him his first lessons in trout breeding, and where, after years of observation and careful scientific labors, he succeeded in raising artificially both trout and salmon very much in the same way as nowadays in England and the States.

"The monument was unveiled in the presence of the Prince Regent of Lippe and his consort princess Victoria, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who throughout has shown the greatest interest in the researches which culminated in the idea of raising a monument to Jacobi on the very site of his labors, and vindicating for him the right of being called the originator of trout breeding, as now understood the world over. * * * The notes published by Jacobi in 1765 show him to have been an extremely accurate observer of nature, and of *Salmonidæ* in particular. His instructions as to spawning, hatching and rearing fish might be followed even to-day with advantage.

"The hatching box used by him was very much what American fishculturists use nowadays, and would form a very excellent redd for incubating and hatching trout or salmon ova. At the unveiling of the monument one of these boxes, which has more than a historical interest, was shown. The box is 12ft. long, 18in. wide and 6in. deep, with movable lids and a grating at top and bottom to exclude enemies and protect the young fish. The eggs were hatched on a gravelly bed, and the fish partly planted as fry, partly transplanted to small ponds and planted as yearlings.

"The old nursery ponds used by Jacobi can still be traced, but do not exist any longer as ponds, having been made into water meadows; but not very far from the site of the hatchery at Steinbergen, near the hunting seat of the Prince of Bückeburg, some beautiful trout ponds, engineered by Jacobi, are still working, and supply an annual stock of yearlings for adjoining streams."

The picture of the memorial shows a pile of boulders six courses high rising from the bank of the stream, surmounted by an upright flat-faced stone, bearing an inscription; while on the front of the pile is a tablet, evidently the coat of arms of the man for whom the memorial is erected. A half score of great wreaths, ribbon-tied, are spread on the ground before the monument.

A few years ago, in preparing a Lyceum paper upon the "Progress of Fishculture," I had occasion to look up what was known of Jacobi as a fishculturist (securing material aid from my friend, the late Prof. G. Brown Goode), and when I had completed my search I could not understand how it was possible to question the fact that Jacobi was the first to hatch trout artificially. His discovery was announced in a Hanoverian magazine in 1763; was indorsed by German naturalists in 1764; his memoir was published in Paris in 1770; his discovery was recognized by George III. in 1771, who granted him a life pension; the first public demonstration of the principles of fishculture was in Paris in 1772; the translation of his memoir into English was done in London in 1788; the beginning of fishculture in Italy dates from 1800; in Bohemia from 1824; in Great Britain from 1837, when John Shaw hatched and reared salmon to two years of age; and yet Gehin and Remy are correctly credited with being the fathers of fishculture in France between 1842-44.

French authorities say that Joseph Remy was an illiterate fisherman, but he made known his alleged discovery of artificial fish propagation in a formal letter to the Prefect of the Province in which he lived, and the next year he was a candidate for an award from a scientific society, and he and his colleague, Gehin, received a premium from a provincial society of emulation. If Remy could write in French he must have been able to read in French, and at the time he claimed to have made his discovery Jacobi's experiments had been published more than seventy years in the French language in various popular treatises on fish and fishculture.

Furthermore, it is of record that twenty years before Remy local experimenters in his own district had succeeded in hatching trout eggs. It has seemed to me that Remy simply borrowed Jacobi's ideas, and after all in this country the first experiments in fishculture are traceable to the influence of Remy, the imitator, rather than to Jacobi, the originator; for Dr. Garlick got his idea of hatching trout from the publication of Remy's experiments in Paris in 1850. Perhaps 150 years hence the people of this country will erect a monument to Dr. Garlick for inaugurating artificial fishculture in America.

It will be noticed that the *Gazette* says of Jacobi's early operations: "The eggs were hatched on a gravelly bed, and the fish partly planted as fry, partly transplanted to small ponds and planted as yearlings." This is entirely new to me, as it is the first mention of the fact, so far as I have been able to discover, that the father of fishculture was also the first to realize the importance of rearing trout to yearlings before planting them in wild waters, and for this alone he should have an additional wreath on his memorial.

Black Bass Length Limit.

It is reasonable to suppose that the framers of Article XV. of the game law of New York, which makes special provisions as to the waters of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, when they wrote section 325 of the law, had good reasons for so doing, and the Legislature must have believed that the reasons were good or it would not have made that section a law of the State.

The section reads: "No black bass less than 10in. in length shall be intentionally taken alive from the waters of the Thousand Islands, nor shall the same be killed or possessed, and in case any such fish is caught or taken the person taking it shall immediately place such fish back in the waters from which it was taken without unnecessary injury." Then follows a penalty of $25 for violating this law.

Section 111 is similar in all respects to section 325, except that the limit of length of black bass is 8in., that the provisions apply to all the waters of the State (excepting the Thousand Islands) and the penalty is $10 instead of $25.

Why should the black bass in the St. Lawrence River have better protection than the black bass in other State waters? There is no reason why they should, but the people of the St. Lawrence River region are more alive to the necessity of something like adequate protection for these fish than the people of other parts of the State, and have procured a law limiting the catch of bass in a day to twelve fish, and increasing the limit of length from 8 to 10in. This will do a little something toward preserving a fish that is not protected by law during its breeding and brooding season.

Last winter a bill was passed providing for a fishway in Rock Bottom Dam in the Susquehanna River at Binghamton.

Last month I went there with the Division Engineer of the State and Mr. W. H. Rogers, the builder of the Rogers Fishway, to locate the fishway in the dam. The water was low and clear, and as we stood on the dam we could see schools of little black bass in the water below it. There were eleven men and boys on the dam fishing for these little bass. Some one in the interest of fish preservation had placed a large sign on an old mill at one end of the dam calling attention to the law which forbids the killing of black bass under 8in. in length. From one end of the dam to the other I did not see a bass in the water that would weigh ¼lb., but the boys and the men were catching fish all the time. I examined the strings of fish that they had and they consisted of small bass just 8in. long and a little more, and of sunfish. I saw one fisherman land a small bass which looked to be under 8in., and as he was about to string the fish I went to him with the tape line with which I was measuring the dam, but he anticipated me by pulling from his pocket a piece of a foot rule as he said, "I measured this fish and it is just 8in. long." It was just 8in. long, and when it was dressed for cooking it would not make a decent mouthful. There were a number of small bass dead in the water, and I discovered that their death came about through the measuring process; for each fisherman, man and boy, had either a foot rule or 8in. marked on his fishing rod. When in doubt the bass was held down by the fisherman's foot against the apron of the dam and the infant bass was measured. If it could not be squeezed to measure 8in. it it was put back, generally, I fear, to die. I was informed that 500 to 600 bass a day were caught from the dam, all little things 8 or 9in. long, and I did not see a single bass on any of the strings that would measure 10in. in length. If the fishway when it is completed serves no other purpose than to stop the slaughter of baby bass from the dam it will be worth all that it will cost, for all fishing is prohibited within fifty rods above and below a fishway.

Shad and Sawdust.

While we were at Binghamton, Mr. Rogers told me that on one occasion the shad netters in the Bay of Fundy complained that the sawdust was working injury to the shad fishing. Mr. Rogers was sent there by his father, who was Inspector of Fisheries of Nova Scotia, to examine into the matter and report.

In Cumberland Basin, at the head of the bay, shad poles are set while the extremely high tide is out, and after a flood tide wagons are driven down to the nets and the shad removed. Mr. Rogers says it is a curious sight to see the shad hanging in the gill nets, their silvery scales shining in the sun, with no water beneath them, as the fishermen gather the fish into wagons. He examined the contents of the stomachs of many shad and in some he found what under a microscope proved to be small particles of wood, but that this was not the cause of the shad being driven away was proven the very next year, when they returned as plentiful as ever.

Scratching a Salmon's Back.

At one of the retaining ponds in Canada, where salmon are confined and held until their eggs are ripe to be hatched artificially, Mr. Rogers one day put his hand and arm down between the grating into the water to see what the salmon would do. At first they swam as far away from his hand as the limits of the pen would permit, and then curiosity seemed to be aroused and one big salmon swam up to his hand and touched it with his side. At the least motion of the hand or fingers the fish would dart away only to return. Little by little the fish gained courage and permitted the hand to rub his sides and back, and finally Mr. Rogers scratched his back as he would scratch the back of a pet dog, and the salmon seemed to like it, for it did not move away unless some unusual motion was made by another part of the man's body, and if the fish did move away it returned very quickly to have its back scratched again.

Transporting Crayfish.

A correspondent writes: "Will you describe in FOREST AND STREAM the best method of shipping crayfish long distances and have them arrive alive and in good condition."

Crayfish may be shipped in any vessel that will hold water, from a bait bucket to a fish can. In the bottom of the can or bucket place a quantity of sand, gravel and a few stones as large as a hen's egg. The crayfish will burrow in the sand and gravel under the stones, but unless they are furnished with material to construct a hiding place they will destroy or maim one another. The cans should not be overcrowded with the crayfish to insure perfect success in transportation. Over the sand and stones pour water until it is 6 or 8in. deep in the can. On a long journey in warm weather the water will need to be changed by drawing it off with a siphon and adding fresh water. Crayfish do not require water as cool as young trout, nor does it require to be as frequently changed; but they will not live in warm, foul water. They cannot be moved with safety when they are shedding, for their shell is then very soft; but when the shell is hard they can be moved if the water is reasonably fresh and cool, and they are not crowded to the point where they will injure one another.

"Getting Even."

It is not unusual for violators of the game and fish laws, when caught and fined, to desire to get even with somebody for having brought them to justice. It is this very state of things which often deters a man from making a complaint against a neighbor who has violated the law. I have found this to be so over and over again. A man knows that some one has violated a game law and he wishes to have him punished, but he will not appear as complainant for fear the guilty one will "get even" with him in some way. An amusing case of this sort recently occurred in New Hampshire, and a friend has written me about it.

At Sunapee Lake there are two brooks flowing into the lake called the Pike brooks, because they flow through land once owned by a man of the name of Pike. A State hatchery is situated on one of the brooks, and both are used by the State as nursery streams for young trout and salmon, and as such are closed to all fishing; and Col. Nathaniel Wentworth, when he puts up a sign to protect his baby trout and salmon, means that the warning shall be obeyed, for he is fond of his fish, and desires that they shall have a fair start before they are caught. Well, somebody had been fishing one of the Pike brooks contrary to law, and Col. Wentworth had no other business to attend to until he had found out with reasonable certainty who that somebody was. Evidence was secured that led to the arrest of one Frank Kemp, and he was fined; but while Commissioners Wentworth and Hughes were hunting Kemp down they found evidence implicating Charles Barron, who was brought before Judge Shurtleff. Barron was not quite sure that he could be proven guilty, but as it began to look as though he were to be "put away" for a season, he told Judge Shurtleff that he would plead guilty and pay his fine if the name of the complainant in his case was disclosed to him. He did not say how he intended to get even with the complainant, whether by burning his barn or maiming his stock, but he just wanted to know who the man was. Judge Shurtleff agreed to the proposition, and Barron counted out $25 into Commissioner Wentworth's hands, who put it into his pocket. Barron then wished to know who the man was that had caused him to give up his money, and Judge Shurtleff put the complaint before him and he read: "Nathaniel Wentworth, of Hudson Center, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire."

A. N. CHENEY.

An Arkansas Bass and Game Point.

I HAVE had some fine fishing this summer. I had to hold court as special chancellor in Chicot county for ten days. Lake Village, the county seat, is situated on Lake Chicot, which is twenty-five miles long, a mile wide and of unknown depth. The water is as clear as the sky, and the fishing is fine. One morning Mr. Garland Streett and I caught forty-seven striped bass, black bass and white perch before court time, and on another I caught forty-five by myself. Shooting is said to be fine in the winter and fall, but I have never tried it. The easiest way to get there is to go to Greenville, Miss., and then take a boat either to Luna Landing or Vaucluse, from which places transportation can be procured to Lake Village.

Quail shooting is good this fall. The season has been horribly dry and no birds got drowned. For that reason duck shooting may be correspondingly poor, as water is scarce, and lakes and streams are dry that were considered perpetual. They have not come in much yet, so I cannot say as to them.

J. M. ROSE.

Striped Bass in New York Bay.

ON Friday, fishing at night at Liberty Island, Charles S. Derby, of Rod and Gun department New York *Press;* James Reithel and Dan McCarthy, caught ten striped bass. The largest weighed 10lbs. They hooked two larger fish, but did not land them.

It was a disagreeable, stormy night, which probably accounts for the unusual catch for that vicinity, as the water along shore was stirred up, and the bass came in there to look for feed.

The Kennel.

UNION FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE first annual field trials of the Union Field Trial Club were held at Carlisle, Ind., commencing Monday, Oct. 26. The weather was a little warm and the ground dry, but taken all in all the event was quite a success, and the club feels very much encouraged. At the annual club meeting Tuesday evening the same officers were re-elected for the coming year, and the second Monday in November, 1897, was the date claimed for the next trials, and Carlisle the place for holding them.

Now, without any exaggeration, your reporter is going to make the assertion, based on his own experience and from what he has heard others remark: The grounds on which was run the All-Age Stake are the finest in the United States for holding field trials. Spectators can sit in a buggy on the public highway and witness considerable of the competition. The farms are in large tracts, houses few and far between. In fact, the grounds could not be made to order to suit the purpose any better. Birds were found sufficiently numerous.

The judges were Royal Robinson and S. H. Sowell. Among well-known sportsmen present I noticed Norvin T. Harris, J. L. Adams, Mr. Churchill, of Louisville, Ky.; Edward A. Burdette, Chicago; C. P. Mingst and C. F. Hartwitz, Evansville, Ind.; Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.; P. T. Madison, J. T. Kerr, Joseph Becker, Indianapolis; Charles Fox, Bicknell, Ind.; and several others, whose names I did not learn. The winners in the Derby were a good lot of dogs.

Winner of first, Josie Freeman, is by Antonio out of Nellie Hope, and is owned by John Gude, Bruceville, Ind. She is a medium-sized black, white and tan bitch, is put up on the lines of a goer, is easily handled, goes at a good pace, has good range and stays out at her work.

The winner of second, Ripple, is a very handsome liver and white pointer bitch by Rip Rap out of Pearl's Dot, and is owned by Hampton S. Smith, and handled by J. H.

Johnson. She is a nice-going dog, and well deserved the honors conferred upon her.

Rod Gladstone, by Rodfield out of Sue Gladstone, owned by Mr. Pollard and handled by Geo. McLin, captured third money. This dog was only four weeks in the hands of his trainer, or the writer predicts he would have hustled his more fortunate competitors. Rod has a happy way of going as though his life depended on his getting that covey point first. This pup is the first of Rodfield's get to start in field trials, and the writer prophesies a great future for the sire if this puppy is a fair sample.

Fourth prize went to Dave Earl, a black, white and tan English setter dog, by Count Gladstone IV. out of Don's Lady. He is owned by Theo. Goodman and was handled by John Johnson. Dave is an excellent worker in every respect, but seemed to be off on nose and hard-headed.

The Derby.

After the drawing Monday a start was made two miles from town. Unfortunately the ground selected was not adapted for field trials.

The first brace, Albert Lieber's black and white dog Spot, handled by Harvey, and Charles Fox's black, white and tan bitch Easter Lily, handled by Geo. McLin, were cast off in a woods pasture. After running perhaps thirty minutes and not finding birds, the dogs were ordered up and a move made to a more favorable place.

Keno N., a black, white and tan dog, handled by Mayfield, and the black, white and tan bitch Rudge Gladstone, owned by Richard Merrill and handled by Tom Richards, were next. After drawing a field of heavy corn blank, the dogs were worked through standing corn with the same result. Returning to road, a bevy was flushed by spectators and settled in ragweeds. Neither dog showed much merit, and after flushing three or four birds were ordered up. Down 43 minutes.

The next brace, Josie Freeman and Ripple, cut out their work in a pleasing way, both getting away at a clipping gait—range and pace a little in favor of Josie. Birds were found in very unfavorable places to do good work, heavy undergrowth and briers making it impossible for dogs to show to the best advantage. The pointer was game and faced the needles on bushes as well as any setter could do. After a long run in the hot noonday sun they were ordered up and a move made to refresh the inner man.

After lunch Rod Gladstone and Dave Earl were cut loose in a big ragweed field. Pace and range were equal to the best. Dave Earl did not distinguish himself on point work, and at one time got beyond the control of his handler and made a flock of turkeys take to the trees. In the meantime, with Johnson yelling, whistling and saying pretty things to Dave, Rod Gladstone made a long cast in a hill and made a beautiful point in rather a bare place. McLin flushed; Rod was steady to wing and shot. Sent on, he directly drew on an outlying bird, and to flush conducted himself in a becoming manner. Dave now being ready to attend to business, the dogs were sent away. The sun shone hot, and the dry ground made it anything but favorable to find birds. However, the dogs proved their staying qualities and hunted as industriously and with as much earnestness as though the weather was just right. Down 40 minutes.

Men, horses and dogs were hot and tired, and a break was made for a cool, shady place. After a rest Mr. Johnson consented to run Dave Earl again and he was sent away with Josie Freeman. Dave kept up his slashing way of going until he was ordered up, which speaks well for his courage and endurance. It took 55 minutes to satisfy the judges as to the relative qualities of this brace. Josie acquitted herself favorably, as she had done in her previous heat. Dave minded somewhat better, but seems to be off on nose.

Ripple and Rod Gladstone in a big field with cover just right cut out a pace and range that was delightful to see. After drawing ten fields blank Ripple whirled on a point in a gully. Rod, going at a race-horse gait down the bank, could not stop in time to back, but almost fell on the birds. At flush of birds both dogs were steady under very trying circumstances. The dogs were then worked around to covey marked in heavy cover. The birds rose wild and neither dog got a point.

The judges now held a consultation and decided to allow Keno N. and Easter Lily another trial. Suffice to say they were ordered up after awhile, as neither had shown himself worthy of a place.

In the evening the awards were pasted on blackboard at hotel: First, Josie Freeman (setter); second, Ripple (pointer); third, Rod Gladstone (setter); fourth, Dave Earl (setter).

Grand Rapids Show.

THE Butterfly Bench Show Association, Sec'y Grace H. Griswold, 184 N. Lafayette street, Grand Rapids, Mich., will hold a show under A. K. C. rules Dec. 8, 9, 10, 11.

MONONGAHELA VALLEY GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION'S TRIALS.

THE second annual trials of the M. V. G. and F. Association began Oct. 28. There was a good attendance of sportsmen, who displayed an enthusiasm to a degree seldom seen at the more pretentious trials. The following list of names includes most of those who were present: G. O. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. Boyd, Indianapolis; Dr. Ross Foster, Crafton, Pa.; A. C. Peterson, R. C. Stenger, Dr. Geo. Gladden (president of the Association), W. H. Benzell, Homestead, Pa.; C. E. Shirley, G. W. Lang, R. S. D. Hartrick, S. B. Cummings (secretary), T. H. Havocotte, L. O. Seidle, T. B. Hutchison, Geo. Mesta, W. B. Brush, Wilmerding; Frank Kreuse, Joe Kelley, Pittsburg; Hervey Christ, Belmont, O.; K. P. Beattie, East Liverpool, O.; Geo. Battison, Youngstown, O.; R. V. Fox, Harrisburg, Pa.; Dr. S. W. Hartt, J. Schaumm, McKeesport, Pa.; J. Gladden, Charleroi, Pa.; F. D. West, Brownsville; J. F. Bell, Carmichaels, Pa.; Maj. J. M. Taylor, New York; and there were a number of others—resident sportsmen—who were in daily attendance, so that the numbers all told made quite a following each day.

Messrs. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, and S. C. Bradley, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., judged both stakes, and it is hardly necessary to add that their part was done skillfully, industriously and satisfactorily. Mr. Cummings, the secretary, was untiringly energetic in his attention to all details of the trials.

The conditions were unfavorable from several causes, chief of which are that the trials are held too early, so early that it is impossible to give the dogs the needed training and conditioning; the vegetation is rank and green, the frosts and storms having had but little effect on the shorter cover. Many of the birds were but half grown or less and made but little effort to escape from the dogs. The weather was too warm, being more like that of the summer than of the fall. If the Association could so fix its dates as to run its trials at a later period, when the frosts have killed the vegetation, but still at a time before the freezing weather of winter sets in, such would be a gain to the competition in every respect. The birds would be stronger and wilder, the scent and the conditions for scenting would be better, the dogs could run without any of the distress which comes from overheating; in short, as every important factor would then be more in season, all of the competition would be of a higher order. No handler can make satisfactory progress in warm weather on half-grown birds so far as it refers to competition. The dogs have but a lukewarm interest in the work at such times, and it is not to be expected that they will make a better showing in the competition than they will out of it.

The trials were run on the Association's preserve of 7,500 acres in Greene county, six miles from Waynesburg, reached by a winding narrow-gauge road, as crooked a twenty-eight miles of road through the hill country as could well be imagined by a normal brain, and Washington in turn is about thirty miles from Pittsburg, on a branch of the Pennsylvania R. R. The entire party was cared for by the farmers whose homes were conveniently near by the grounds.

The preserve is very hilly, some of the hills being of majestic size. As the search for birds led the party from one hill top to another, picturesque scenes of valley and hill were unfolded to the view—long sweeps of deep valleys winding far away, with a few farmhouses nestling here and there on hillside and valley, made so small by distance that they seemed to be dwellings in miniature; oak woods in irregular patches gave a rich coloring to the great picture, besides filling the more useful office of sheltering the quail, and the coloring was variegated by the wheat, corn and weed fields, which were on hill and valley everywhere. In the distance a glimpse of the Blue Ridge Mountains standing far up against the sky in the horizon in deeper blue than the sky itself could at times be caught, and their height made the nearby hills dwindle into insignificance in comparison. Notwithstanding the hilly character of the country, the soil is very fertile, and there is consequently an abundance of food for the birds everywhere. Their greatest danger is from the severe winters. On the hillsides and valleys farms flourish, even on the sides of hills so precipitous that the manner of plowing them must remain a conjecture to those who have not seen it done, as it must likewise remain a mystery how the soil when wet defies the laws of gravity and does not slide down into the valleys, as one could imagine it could easily do.

And thus the walking was of the kind in which the walker either steps very high or down very low, as he may be going upward or downward. The judges and reporters rode on horseback, as did also some of the spectators, and the walking when so done vicariously was much easier, and the hills lost their formidable appearance. The birds were mostly young, in size from squeakers to half grown, the full-grown ones being the exception, but whatever their size they were lacking in gamy qualities, as is common of all birds too early in the season. They were tame and slow to take wing and unsuspicious of danger. The vegetation was rank and green. All the conditions were unfavorable for good handling of the dogs, yet it was done with much less trouble to the judges than is commonly the case at the larger trials. The handlers were much more obedient, and also there was much less noise in the handling than there is at the more professional events. It was all done with commendable quietness.

The utmost good-fellowship prevailed. All enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The Association's trials are good ones for any sportsman to attend, both for the direct enjoyment and the knowledge to be gained in respect to the manner of running a club so that it will be a pleasure to all concerned. It is worthy of note that a large number of the dogs were handled by their owners. On Friday night, the day of the close of the trials, the Association gave a banquet, at which the affable and popular president, Dr. Geo. Gladden, presided. Several speeches were made and warmly applauded; but the speech of the evening, made by Mr. S. C. Bradley on field trial matters and the business relations of owners and handlers, was the most instructive.

The trials thus ended as they began, in good-fellowship and kindly feeling among all. The representative of FOREST AND STREAM is indebted to the Association's officers and members for a generous welcome and a courtesy which never wearied, and to Mr. W. S. Bell in particular for hospitality extended. Mr. Bell made the visit very pleasant for the press, and it was as novel to them as it was gratifying to be treated at a field trial as worthy of some consideration, instead of as a matter of course or a necessary infliction.

The Derby and All-Age stakes were both sweepstakes, 10 per cent. retained for expenses (which was far from paying expenses) and the balance being divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent., first, second and third respectively.

Wednesday.

The morning was warm, with an overcast sky, the signs portending rain. There was no breeze, and the far-away sounds were so distinct that they seemed near-by. But the stormy signs soon disappeared. The sun broke through the clouds, making an uncomfortable warmth and weather conditions unfavorable either for searching or pointing, and very trying to the dogs' endurance. The work throughout the day was full of errors, and what work was done lacked proper finish. Several of the dogs showed quality, but were palpably lacking in the discipline and experience necessary for skillful performance, as was to be expected so early in the season.

The forenoon was almost a blank so far as the finding of birds is concerned, and of those found in the afternoon a large part were only half grown, and some were but little larger than squeakers, and some were squeakers.

The start was a little late owing to the multitude of detail to be arranged, but once started the trials were soon going with the regularity of clockwork.

The Derby.

There were nine starters, run in the following order:

O. V. Porter's b. and w. tkd. pointer bitch Strictly Business (Kent's Priam—Belle Fauster), H. Christ, handler, with S. W. Hart's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Fannie Allen (Beaconsfield—Bessie), J. Schaumm, handler.

G. Battison's red Irish setter bitch Kildare Dot (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore II.), owner, handler, with K. P. Beattie's b., w. and t. setter bitch Loretta (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray), A. B. Ferguson, handler.

G. Wm. Lang's (agt.) Irish setter dog Lang (Finglas—Kildare Gladys), Geo. Battison, handler, with G. Mesta's b., w. and t. setter dog Don (Wordsley Ben—Amy Robsart), J. W. Phillips, handler.

S. B. Cummings's b., w. and t. setter dog Doctor C. (Galert C.—Nan C.), J. W. Phillips, handler, with W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter bitch Allie B. (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan), Jack F. Bell, handler.

G. Gladden's b. and w. setter dog Muck, J. Gladden, handler, a bye.

The winner of first, Loretta, made an inferior showing on birds so far as pointing and locating are concerned, though she showed quality which will improve with experience. With her, as with others, the judges could only make the best of the unfavorable circumstances of warm weather, young birds, and rank vegetation and short preparation.

The work of Allie B. was very ragged, and that of Strictly Business was both meager and ragged.

STRICTLY BUSINESS AND FANNIE ALLEN were cast off at 8:40 and ran till 9:53. No birds found. Both dogs kept diligently at work within a middling range, the pointer showing the most skill in searching, though unsuccessful. Fannie was ranging fairly well, but showed many puppyish ways. The temperature was uncomfortably warm and no dog could make a good showing under the circumstances.

KILDARE DOT AND LARETTO began at 9:57. Each had a narrow range, though at the start Dot was a bit the wider. At the finish both were working slow in narrow limits. Up at 10:51. The heat was a poor one aside from the absence of birds.

LANG AND DON ran forty-four minutes, ranging narrow without finding.

The running was discontinued while the party went to lunch.

DOC C. AND ALLIE B. started at 12:52 and were ordered up at 2:04. Both showed some puppy traits and their work was short of finish. No birds found.

MUCK, the bye dog, ran thirty-seven minutes, beginning at 2:10. The temperature was still warmer. He started slow, but coming on a bevy he roaded it to a flush and chased. Then he pointed on the scattered birds repeatedly, chasing each time he pointed, which was what put him out of the stake. Sent on, he ranged out well. He showed a keen interest in birds, but was lacking in experience and discipline. However, his owner ran him in place of a dog he originally intended to run, and as Muck is a puppy with a limited experience his showing was commendably good. He did more point work than any other dog in the stake, though it may be added that he had better opportunities. Had he been steady to wing he undoubtedly would have been in the money.

STRICTLY BUSINESS AND DOCTOR C. were cast off at 3:15. Doc in open field made game on a single bird, which he flushed. Next he flushed a bird and was inclined to chase. Working on scattered birds marked down in a thicket, Strictly Business flushed and chased a single. Doc flushed a single in briers. He then worked on a half-grown bird in weeds, which was flushed excusably. Up at 4:24.

FANNIE ALLEN AND ALLIE B. began at 4:47 and had the best hour of the day for good work, and better and more opportunities for work than had any other brace, but they failed to take advantage of their opportunities to a regrettable degree. Fannie flushed a single of a bevy, moved on, and then Allie came around and flushed the bevy, all this in good ground under favorable conditions for good work. The birds were followed into a thicket, where several were flushed, but owing to thick cover it was impossible to note the circumstances of the flushes. Allie in the open flushed a bevy riotously. In the thicket Fannie pointed a single. Both dogs lost a number of good opportunities on singles.

The judge announced that all dogs should be on hand in the morning.

Thursday.

The morning opened warm and the temperature increased as the sun mounted skyward till it reached a point of warmth which seemed of the summer time. It was again too warm for good work to be possible, yet more birds were found than on the preceding day, though, as then, they were tame and indolent and small, as were most of those found during the trials. The work was limited so far as it referred to points and range and finding.

Third Round.

LORETTA AND LANG were started at 8:30. After awhile a quail was seen calmly sitting on a fence and the dogs were worked toward it. Loretta caught scent of the bevy close by, was over eager and flushed unintentionally and was steady. Next she pointed a single. Lang flushed a single in corn. Lang's range was too narrow to be of use and he loafed a good bit. Loretta made a fairly good showing, better than that of the previous day, though her work was still lacking in finish. Up at 9:05.

FANNIE ALLEN AND DOC C. worked diligently without finding from 9:32 to 10:06, Doc showing the better judgment, Fanny being puppyish.

Fourth Round.

ALLIE B. AND LORETTA were cast off at 10:31. Loretta roaded to a flush on a bevy in the open. The birds were followed. Allie showed riotous inclinations. Loretta flushed and was steady to wing. Allie was taken up for a few minutes to give Loretta chance to point birds. She flushed a single. Allie was again put down. Next Allie flushed a bevy in woods. Both ranged moderately well. Up at 10:38.

STRICTLY BUSINESS AND FANNIE ALLEN began at 11:15. Some birds were marked down. Fannie made a point on two or three birds and afterward refuse to go from heel, seeming to be timid. The work was far short of the opportunities. Up at 11:43.

This heat completed the competition of the Derby.

The All-Age Stake.

There were fifteen starters drawn to run in the following order:

Richard V, Fox's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush), owner, handler, with L. Craven's b. b. setter dog Spot (Noble Sting—Snowball), H. Christ, handler.

S. B. Cummings's liv. and w. pointer dog Scott C. (—— — ——), owner, handler, with F. D. West's l. and w. pointer dog Max (Swart's Duke—Polly G.), owner, handler.

G. O. Smith's b., w. and t. setter dog Whyte S. (Whyte B.—Moses Clara), J. W. Phillips, handler, with Herman Straus's o. and w. setter dog Flash B. (Dion C.—Galatea), S. B. Cummings, handler.

Richard V, Fox's b., w. and t. setter dog Iroquois (Antonio—Can Can), owner, handler, with G. Wm. Lang's b., w. and t. setter dog Roger O'Mara (Roger Boy—Nancy Mahoning), Geo. Battison, handler.

W. H. Beazell's o. and w. setter bitch Hoosier Girl (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter), J. Bell, handler, with G. O. Smith's liv. and w. pointer dog Spot Gold (King Pedro—Ridgeview Venus), owner, handler.

W. D. Hewey's liv. and w. pointer dog Geo. Croxteth (Don Croxteth—Mollie Scott), W. D. Henry, handler, with Anderson Bros.' l. and w. setter bitch Bev. R. (—— — ——), H. Christ, handler.

S. B. Cummings's o. and w. setter dog Galert C. (Duke of Princeton—Ione), owner, handler, with Henry Christ's liv. and w. pointer dog Roy Croxteth (Shot Masher—Croxteth Nellie), H. Christ, handler.

S. W. Hart's b. b. and t. setter dog Beaconsfield (Gladstone's Boy—Bessie Marshall), J. Schaumm, handler; a bye.

Iroquois, the winner of first, was far away the best ranger in the stake. He beat out a great deal of ground, though he received much directing from his handler which he would have been better without. In cover he was particularly difficult to handle, and his finding and point work were not deserving of any special praise, considering his opportunities. Still, as mentioned before, it was a difficult task for a dog to make a good showing under the existing conditions of rank cover, tame young birds and hot weather. To make his record fuller, it might not have been amiss for the judges to have put him down alone among scattered birds when good opportunities offered, and thereby added to his score of points, for though pointing is not everything, it is a very important part of a field performance, whether in or out of competition. Had there been any dog near his class in other qualities, it would have been necessary to have had more point work.

Scott C., second, did some reliable point work, and while he did fair work in other respects, it was far below expert performance.

Accelerando and Geo. Croxteth divided third, and both made a good, commonplace showing, and their winning was more from the absence of good competition than the merit of their performance.

ACCELERANDO AND SPOT began at 12:59. The former pointed some tame chickens and the latter backed to order. On some scattered birds, which were marked down, Accelerando pointed well on a single and Spot backed to caution; the former was not steady to shot. Spot was a narrow ranger. Accelerando had good speed and a moderately good range. 1:43.

SCOTT C. AND MEX began at 1:53. Scott pointed a bevy nicely. Mex joined in the point. On the scattered birds, Scott flushed one, then pointed a remaining one, and sent on, he pointed again well. On birds of another bevy marked down, Scott was first to point. The birds were running slowly and their low, musical whistle could be heard plainly. Mex crossed the fence and pointed the birds; Scott backed. The birds flew to the roadway close by. Scott pointed and Mex flushed the bird ahead of the former. Moved on, Scott pointed, Mex went by, roaded rapidly down a furrow by the roadside and caught the half-grown bird. Up at 2:37. They had a middling fair range and good speed, though it was more in being well sustained than in swiftness.

WHYTE S. AND FLASH B. started at 3:10. Flash pointed a bevy nicely and steadily. Up at 3:58. Both were moderate rangers, but worked diligently, though they showed some fatigue toward the close of the heat.

IROQUOIS AND ROGER O'MARA began at 4:08. Roger pointed a single bird stanchly and nicely, Iroquois backed; both were steady to shot. Iroquois showed good speed and range, but as both handlers were walking as if in a walking match it is difficult to say what the dogs might have done had they been hurried less. Time 5:22, and the day's work ended.

Friday.

As the start was made from headquarters rain set in and there was little hope for a good day, but soon after the dogs were started the clouds broke away, the sun shone clear and bright and what seemed a summer temperature again prevailed. Coats were strapped to saddles and costumes lightened, yet the company flushed and perspired, particularly those who were afoot.

HOOSIER GIRL AND SPOT GOLD began at 8:53 and ran 47 minutes, nothing found. Neither one showed any particular merit.

BEV. R. AND GEO. CROXTETH began at 9:52. Croxteth roaded to a bevy and pointed it in an open field, Bev. joining in the point. The birds were followed into woods, where both pointed. Bev. was unsteady to shot. Bev. flushed a bevy. Up at 10:48.

GALERT AND ROY CROXTETH started at 10:53. Galert made a bad flush on a bevy. The birds were followed. Roy pointed a single, at the same time Galert in bushes flushed. While his handler was getting a cartridge out of some tangled recess in his clothes Roy moved on and the bird was flushed afterward where he had pointed. Galert pointed a single and was steady to shot. Next he pointed a single alongside a fence in corn and Roy refused to back. Galert made two more points stanchly. His range was close. The pointer's work was poor. Up at 11:30.

BEACONSFIELD ran a bye, beginning at 11:35. In corn he pointed a bevy and was steady to caution. He flushed a bevy, and on the scattered birds he stopped to a flush and pointed a remaining single, and at the report of the gun he broke in. He was tired when ordered up at 12:29.

After lunch the judges called for four dogs, as follows:

Second Round.

IROQUOIS AND SCOTT C. were cast off at 1:13. Iroquois pointed a single in briers. Scott pointed a small bevy in an indifferent manner in the open. Iroquois showed far away the best speed and range. Though Scott was diligent, his range was hardly middling, and he needed attention to keep him out at his work. Iroquois, however, was disobedient and hard to handle, particularly so on single birds. He carried himself with dash, and was swift of pace and covered a great deal of ground.

ACCELERANDO AND GEORGE CROXTETH were cast off at 2:05. It was a heat of lost opportunities on a bevy and scattered birds. The pointer had a moderate range, Accelerando something better in that respect. Up at 2:32.

Third Round.

GALERT C. AND WHYTE S. began at 2:55. Down 31 minutes. Both made game and moved on. They were hurried on and one of the judges flushed a bevy near where the dogs made game. Galert pointed one of the scattered birds and Whyte S. flushed one and chased it in a calm manner. This heat ended the running.

FIELD TRIALS OF THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB.

HEMPSTEAD, New York, was the scene of the seventh annual field trials of the National Beagle Club. They were held Oct. 26-30 and were very successful, both in the number of entries and the quality of the beagles entered. The judges were Charles Quynn, Frederick, Md., and Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass. Their awards were well received. Rabbits were hard to find, but those that were put up were excellent runners and never went to ground. The club headquarters were at Roth's Hotel, where all were well taken care of. Hot lunches were daily served in the field.

Among those at the trials were H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, G. W. Rogers, New York, N. Y.; John Bateman, Gravesend, N. Y.; A. D. Lewis, J. L. Kernochan, Hempstead, N. Y.; G. B. Post, Jr., Bernardsville, N. J.; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; N. A. Baldwin, East Orange, N. J.; D. F. Summers, Thorndale, Pa.; A. C. Pickhardt, Massapequa, N. Y.; G. M. Wharton, East Islip, N. Y.; Howard Almy, Providence, R. I.; C. Staley Doub, Chas. Quynn, Richard Cramer, Frederick, Md.; H. S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; H. L. Kreuder, S. Z. Demarest, Nanuet, N. Y.; G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; F. Hoyt, H. A. Purrington, Stamford, Conn.; Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y.; A. P. Vredenburgh, New York, N. Y.

Monday.

The day was clear and cool. The morning was occupied in measuring the hounds and the field work did not begin till afternoon. Class C was finished, but the work was uninteresting, as scent did not lie and game was hard to find.

CLASS B.—BEAGLES 13IN. AND UNDER.

The drawing for the first series resulted in running Hempstead Beagle's g. and t. dog Leader (Monitor—Lawless), handler, J. L. Kernochan, with Howard Almy's b., t. and w. bitch Skip II. (Buckshot—Jute), handler, owner.

George F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Snifter R. D. (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch Nancy Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Jude), handler, owner.

The bye was drawn by Waldingfield Beagle's b., w. and t. bitch Imported Blue Bell, handler, D. F. Summers.

LEADER—SKIP II.—Down in a weed field near the Lewis place at 2:00. Two rabbits were started during the race and Leader proved himself superior to Skip. There was a short sight chase in the open, but the work was mostly dull and uninteresting. Down 30 minutes.

SNIFTER R. D.—NANCY LEE.—Down in a brush field at 2:34. Nancy did some uneven driving, but Snifter was thinking of the Vermont hills and the white hares and would not condescend to notice the conys. Up at 3:34.

BLUE BELL.—The bye was run with Leader for half an hour, but the little lady was handicapped by her owner's absence and would not hunt. Leader, however, did some creditable driving.

Second Series.

LEADER—NANCY LEE.—These were the best two dogs in the stake, and were put down to run for first and second prizes. Nancy hunted out her ground better than her competitor and was under excellent control. Three rabbits were started, but none of them were driven for any distance. Down one hour.

The judges awarded first prize, $25, to Nancy Lee, and second, $15, to Leader, and reserve to Skip II.

Annual Meeting.

President Schellhass called the meeting to order at 8:20, with twelve members present. H. S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; H. T. Peters, New York; E. W. S. Pickhardt, Cambridge, Mass., and A. J. Burrington, Stamford, Conn., were elected to membership. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, H. F. Schellhass; Vice-Presidents, J. W. Appleton, G. B. Post, Jr., A. W. Post; Treasurer, Geo. Laick; Secretary, G. W. Rogers; Executive Committee, John Bateman, G. M. Wharton, N. A. Baldwin; Delegate to A. K. C., H. F. Schellhass; Official Judges, John Davidson, Geo. F. Reed, W. S. Clark, Geo. Laick, H. F. Schellhass, G. B. Post, Jr.

A die for a handsome club medal was presented by a member of the club and accepted with thanks. Adjourned.

Tuesday.

The day was as beautiful as the hunt was unsatisfactory. The first series in Class C was completed.

CLASS A, BEAGLES 15 TO 18IN.

The nine entries in the class were drawn to run in the first series as follows:

Somerset Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Imported Bownby, handler, J. W. Appleton, with Rockland Beagle Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Blanche (Frank Forest—Ina), handler, H. L. Kreuder.

Howard Almy's w. and t. dog Lewis (Bannerman—Parthenia), handler, owner, with Wharton Beagle's b., w. and t. dog Stocky (Fitzhugh Lee—Parthenia), handler, G. M. Wharton.

Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida), handler, owner, with Hempstead Beagle's b., w. and t. bitch Purity, handler, Thos. Gibson.

Hempstead Beagle's b. and w. dog Messenger (Monitor—Graceful, handler, J. L. Kernochan, with Pottinger Dorsey's b., w. and t. dog Pilot (Imported Chimer—Belle of Woodbrook II.), handler, owner.

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Lucy S. (Frank—Tip) drew the bye.

BOWNBY—BLANCHE.—The latter was easily the better of the couple, and in a short drive had it all her own way. Down 45 minutes.

LEWIS—STOCKY.—This brace had a long and tedious hunt for fur, but not a trace of it was found. Two cats were started by Stocky, and later he went off on a fox, and also tongued on squirrels. The hounds were put down three times in the attempt to get them on a rabbit together. At last success crowned our efforts, and Lewis quickly showed himself to be the better hound, working the losses with care and judgment, while Stocky was wild in his work. Down in all, 3½ hours.

NELL R.—PURITY.—Two rabbits were put up, and Nell ran both prettily. Purity backed to her, but did not tongue, and when put down alone refused to hunt. Down 45 minutes.

MESSENGER—PILOT.—Two rabbits were found, and Pilot won with ease. Messenger, however, proved to be a stylish, ambitious worker, and a very promising hound. Down 30 minutes.

LUCY.—The bye was ordered down with Nell R. as a running mate. A rabbit was soon found, and in the open both did some pretty trailing. Working into the swamp, scent lay well, and a great race was run. The music was fine, but that was the only part of the run on which judgment could be passed, for it was impossible to follow the hounds. Down 2 hours.

Wednesday.

A fine hunting day. New grounds were tried and they proved to be very good, with a fair supply of rabbits. The 15in. class was finished and four braces in the Derby run off.

NELL R.—LUCY S.—A hot race was run by this lively pair. Lucy was a trifle quicker in catching the turn, and during the last of this chase did most of the leading. Down 45 minutes.

Second Series.

LEWIS—BLANCHE.—They were closely watched and ran a pretty race. Blanche was a little the faster and in other respects fully the equal of her rival.

PILOT—LUCY S.—Another hot race and one of the best of the day. Pilot was in better condition for hard running than Lucy and won after a splendid exhibition of beagle work.

Third Series.

NELL R.—BLANCHE.—Nell outran Blanche and won easily.

This finished the work in class A and the judges gave first prize, $45, to Pilot; second, $30, to Lucy S.; third, $20, to Nell R.

The Derby.

The first series in this stake was drawn as follows:

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice), handler, owner, with George F. Reed's b., w. and t. dog Scorcher R. D. (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner.

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch Whaler (Wanderer—Triumph), handler, owner, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch Miss Quinn (Diamond—Nancy Lee), handler, owner.

Rockland Beagle Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Buckshot, Jr. (Buckshot—Blanche), handler, H. L. Kreuder, with D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Belle S. (Clover—Lucy S.), handler, owner.

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Minnie S. (Clover—Lucy S.), handler, owner, with J. O. Frost's b., w. and t. bitch Gladness (Blue Jacket—Cheerful), handler, J. W. Appleton.

D. F Summers's w. and t. bitch Summers's Fly (Clover—Lucy S.), handler, owner, drew the bye.

TRICK—SCORCHER.—Two rabbits were put up. Neither hound hit the track of the first, but Trick drove the second well. Scorcher harked to him, but did little work and lost the race. Down 55 minutes.

WHALER—MISS QUINN.—The former was under no control and the latter was unwilling to leave her handler till a rabbit was put up. Then she drove very well, but at a slow pace, for some distance. Whaler did not get on. Down 1½ hours.

BUCKSHOT, JR.—BELLE S.—The latter proved to be a flyer, and ran altogether the fastest and best race of the trials up to this time. Three rabbits were put up. The first was lost almost before he started. The second was driven at a killing pace for a long distance, when the fun was spoiled by a boy who deliberately fired at Belle with a small rifle. Fortunately he missed her, but richly deserved to be brought before the police court, which, however, was not done. The last rabbit led a splendid chase in cover. Belle was altogether too fast for Buckshot, and she was an easy winner. Down 1½ hours.

MINNIE S.—GLADNESS.—At first Gladness did the better work, trailing prettily across an open field when Minnie seemed unable to lift the scent. Then Minnie struck the trail in cover far ahead of Gladness, and the latter was not in the race thereafter, as she refused to hark. Down 30 minutes.

In the evening the club was entertained at a dinner party given by Mr. Pickhardt at his residence in Massapequa. It goes without saying that the evening was a jolly one.

Thursday.

The day was clear and very warm. The running in the Derby and Futurity Stakes was completed.

SUMMERS'S FLY.—BUCKSHOT, JR., was put down to run with Fly. The latter did most of the work, and showed keen nose and greater speed than her running mate. Down 1 hour.

Second Series.

BELLE S.—TRICK.—These youngsters ran one of the prettiest races of the trials on a rabbit which ran straight away for a mile or more. The hounds were very evenly matched, and there was but little to choose between them. A second rabbit was put up and driven beautifully for some time, and the hounds were ordered up while still running. Down 1 hour.

Belle S. was given first prize, $20, and Trick second, $10.

The Futurity.

In the first series the beagles were drawn to run as follows:

Rockland Beagle Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Buckshot, Jr. (Buckshot—Blanche), whelped Jan., '95, handler, S. Z. Demarest, with Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. dog Millard R. (Millard—Haida), whelped July, '95, handler, owner.

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Belle S. (Clover—Lucy S.), whelped March, '95, handler, owner, with Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch Scorcher (Wanderer—Triumph), whelped April, '95, handler, owner.

D. F. Summers's b., w. and t. bitch Minnie S. (Clover—Lucy S.), whelped March, '95, handler, owner, with Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch Miss Quinn (Diamond—Nancy Lee), whelped Aug., '95, handler, owner.

BUCKSHOT, JR.—MILLARD R.—The latter proved to be the better hound in hunting out his ground and driving his game. He is also the possessor of a sweet, tuneful voice, a point which is overlooked by most of our breeders. Down 1 hour.

BELLE S.—SCORCHER.—The former was an easy winner. Scorcher appeared indifferent. The small rabbits are new game to him, as he has always been hunted on white hares. Down 45 minutes.

MINNIE S.—MISS QUINN.—The latter gave a pretty exhibition of trailing and won without difficulty. Down 48 minutes.

Second Series.

MILLARD R.—MISS QUINN.—Millard had more speed and as good a nose as Miss Quinn and won. Down 12 minutes.

MILLARD R.—BELLE S.—A pretty race in full view of the spectators was run by this fine brace. Belle won. Down 25 minutes.

The value of the stake was $75.50. The judges gave first prize, $30.20, to Belle S; second, $18.88, to Millard R.; third, $11.32, to Miss Quinn; reserve to Minnie S. Ten per cent. of the Futurity, $7.55, went to D. F. Summers, the breeder of the first winner.

Champion Stake.

There were but two entries in the stake: Pottinger Dorsey's b., w. and t. dog Pilot (Imported Chimer—Belle of Woodbrook), handler, owner; and Rockland Beagle Kennels' blue-ticked dog Buckshot (Deacon Tedd—Daisy), handler, S. Z. Demarest.

PILOT—BUCKSHOT.—They were put down for fifteen minutes, and as no start was made were ordered up to go down again.

Friday.

A good hunting day. The trials were finished.

PILOT—BUCKSHOT.—Neither hound was under good control. Two rabbits were started, and Pilot proved himself to be the better hound in casting and hunting his ground. In speed they were about equal. Down 1 hour and 23 minutes. The judges awarded first prize to Pilot, and second to Buckshot.

Pack Stake.

Three packs were run, and the stake was an interesting one.

HEMPSTEAD BEAGLES.—Tyrant, Trueman, Messenger and Leader made the pack. They were under good control, and had the best voices heard at the trials. A rabbit was started and quickly lost. Down 45 minutes.

SUMMERS'S PACK.—The pack was composed of Lucy S., Minnie S., Belle S. and Summers's Fly. The drive was a long, hard one, and a fine example of beagle work. The hounds packed well, worked merrily, and were snappy and active. Down 1 hour and 25 minutes.

ROCKLAND BEAGLE KENNELS' PACK.—In the pack were Buckshot, Buckshot, Jr., Blanche and Zillah. A rabbit was quickly put up, and after a short run was lost at a road. Down 30 minutes.

The judges gave first prize to Summers's Pack, second to Rockland Beagle Kennels, and reserve to Hempstead Beagles.

The conclusion of this stake brought to an end a very successful trial. J. A. B.

Continental F. T. C.'s Trials.

OCT. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Continental Field Trials Club and the dog owners and handlers of America are placed under renewed obligations to the Mobile & Ohio Railroad as the letter herewith inclosed, just received from its efficient General Passenger Agent, Mr. E. E. Posey, will show. In all of my dealings with and trips over the road I have invariably found the officials and employees gentlemen in every sense of the word; I have found the road bed first-class and the train service perfection. It always appeared to me that the trainmen considered it a pleasure instead of a duty to cater to the wishes and comfort of their passengers. I therefore take pleasure in recommending the Mobile & Ohio road to the traveling public. P. T. MADISON.

COPY.

MOBILE, Ala., Oct. 20.—*P. T. Madison, Esq., Sec'y-Treas. Continental Field Trials Club.*—Dear Sir: I am advised by Mr. J. N. Seale that you recently favored him with a few days on our line, and that you have selected Tupelo, Miss., and vicinity for the field trials of the Continental Club next season.

I regret exceedingly that I was not advised in advance, so that I could have joined you and Mr. Seale on your trip of investigation, as I would have enjoyed greatly not only the outing, but the pleasure of meeting you, and would have been pleased to have had an opportunity to show you some personal courtesies.

I congratulate you upon having selected Tupelo as a location for your field trials, and predict that it will mean not only permanent location with you, but success, pleasure and satisfaction to your members and those interested in your trials. You will find the people hospitable, and the railroads (the Mobile & Ohio prominently) are willing to do everything they can to afford your members, friends and other visitors to your trials every facility and accommodation that we can in rates and service. You will also find birds as plentiful in this section, if not more so, than in any other, which is the most important point, and a country that is just suited to the sport at the proper season of the year.

In making your arrangements for your field trials, be certain to advise me fully in advance, giving particulars, and we shall be glad to coöperate with you in any way we can to properly take care of your people. Have trainers and handlers communicate with us in advance, so we can arrange to take care of them in good shape. I shall make a special effort to be present at your trials this winter, and hope sincerely to have the pleasure of meeting you.

Again congratulating you and assuring you of my great pleasure at your selection, and extending to you our heartiest welcome, and an earnest assurance of coöperation on the part of the Mobile & Ohio R. R. in all details that go to make field trials a success, I beg to remain, Yours very truly.

E. E. POSEY, G. P. A.

The Water Fowl Club of America.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By same mail under separate cover I send you a copy of the Water Fowl Club catalogue. You can gather from it that the membership is not a large one, still they are a pretty nice set of fellows and are banded together purely with the hope of doing something for the industry generally. I therefore trust you will help us as much as possible by giving us any publicity within your power. T. FARRER RACKHAM.

No Thanksgiving Show in Newark.

WILL you please announce that after the most strenuous efforts to hold another show at Newark Thanksgiving week, it has been finally decided to abandon it for the present. EDWIN H. MORRIS, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Under date of Oct. 30 we have received from Mr. Oldham, sec'y of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, a report of the club's meeting held on Oct. 21, but while such promptness is most commendable it still is too late to be of value.

Mr. S. C. Bradley, secretary of the E. F. T. C., informs us that he will arrange for the entertainment of visitors at the club's forthcoming trials (Nov. 16) aside from the main interest, the competition; and for that purpose will have traps and clay pigeons for those who care to test their skill in that manner, so do not neglect to take your gun. Other diversions will also be provided. On behalf of the club, Mr. Bradley extends a cordial invitation to sportsmen to visit the club's trials. It is the oldest club in the country, and has weathered all the ups and downs of field trials through all the years.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

SALES.

F. L. Cheney has sold
One dog puppy to Mr. Jas. B. Blossom.
One dog puppy to Mr. Jas. Wrinkle.
One bitch puppy to Mr. Jas. Wrinkle.
Alice Kent to Mr. Jas. Wrinkle.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

WHEELING NOTES.

In the United States Signal Service a number of bicycles are in use, principally among the linemen. Though Gen. Miles has spoken so strongly in favor of the wheel for army use and recommended the equipment of a regiment, no official purchases have been made. The cycle corps of the Twenty-fifth Infantry were equipped with wheels secured by Lieut. Moss from a public-spirited manufacturer, and those used in the courier service and cross-country runs are the property of the individual riders.

While the sentiment is distinctly in favor of the bicycle for army use, our Government apparently does not propose at present to follow the example of foreign Governments in the matter of outlay for this purpose.

It takes the spur of emergency to make the Government cognizant of any good thing, and in ordinary times that red-taped abstraction is content to let others experiment, justified, no doubt, by the knowledge that when the emergency comes the nation will rise equal to it.

At the annual field day of the Second Regiment of the Massachusetts Militia at Sugar Loaf Mountain, South Deerfield, Mass., the bicycle was put to a severe test under unfavorable weather conditions.

A reconnoissance was made by corps from three companies with a total strength of ninety men. Fifty-four of the men were under command of Capt. McDonald, of Company B, of Springfield, while the other detachments included twenty-four members of Company C under Lieut. Gilmour, and twelve men from Company D under Lieut. Field.

The soldiers made a very rapid scout through the surrounding country, and in a short time reported on its condition topographically, and with reference to its ability to sustain troops by means of foraging. From these reports Capt. McDonald was able to make a very fair map of the region.

The reconnoissance was completed in much better time by the wheelmen than it could have been accomplished by cavalry, and the results were so eminently satisfactory that Adjutant-Gen. Dalton will probably have similar maneuvers introduced in the field days of other regiments.

The French soldiers just now are developing the possibilities of their folding military bicycle, and the general verdict is that the wheel is a complete success. In the recent army maneuvers the bicycles were packed and loaded on the soldiers' backs fifty seconds after the order for dismounting had been given, and at the end of a march on foot the wheels were ready for use in forty seconds. On one occasion a company of bicyclists were dispatched to turn the flank of opposing cavalry by using a hilly path through woods, impassable to the latter. They made their way successfully to the place assigned, surmounting or clearing away obstacles to their progress, and opening fire on the opposing cavalry force, forced it to abandon the position it was holding. The use of bicycles for the rapid transportation of troops to the flanks of an enemy's army will undoubtedly be one of the features of modern warfare, and no general can afford to leave it out of his calculations.

The old lines affectionately descriptive of G. W. might almost be applied to the bicycle—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of our nineteenth century civilization.

The bicycle corps will be the future military commander's right bower, a flying power for offense or defense, bringing its men on the field fresh and spirited where infantry would be fagged and worthless, easily handled because the same number of men can be gotten under way in a tenth part of the time that it takes with foot soldiers.

In peace the bicycle leads by reason of the magnitude of the industry from a financial point of view, and concerning the affectionate regard in which it is held there can be no question as to its supremacy.

Babies nowadays cry for bicycles. Children demand them for Christmas presents, where they used to ask for watches or other less necessary things that they are now content to dispense with, and older people of all ages, sexes and conditions are its devotees.

Redress for Wheelmen.

JOHN P. HAINES, the President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has mailed an open letter to all New York State bicycle clubs, calling the attention of wheelmen to Section 661 of the Penal Code, which reads as follows:

"A person who willfully throws, drops or places, or causes to be thrown, dropped or placed upon any road, highway, street or public place, any glass, nails, pieces of metal or other substance which might wound, disable or injure any animal is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The S. P. C. A. seeks to secure the coöperation of wheelmen throughout the State in the suppression of attempts to injure animals as well as bicycles; and Mr. Haines points out that this section makes it possible to fine violators $500, or to impose a sentence of one year in the penitentiary, or both. He adds:

"The original purpose of the law was to protect animals from wanton or needless injury, and more particularly horses, which traverse the public roads and streets by the hundreds of thousands, and are exposed not only to needless suffering, but also to a frightful death by lockjaw by the practices which this law is intended to suppress. It is evident that the throwing upon public places of any substances which might wound or disable an animal may result in injury to the pneumatic tires now in universal use as a necessary part of the bicycle; but I would call your attention to the fact that, under the general law, there is no adequate or certain remedy for injury to the owner of a wheel which may be injured in that way, since it is always necessary for the injured party to prove that the injurious article or substance was placed upon the road or street with malicious intent to injure property, while the court may go so far as to require proof of an intent to injure the particular wheel which has been damaged. The result of this difficulty is that many wheelmen submit in silence to a malicious wrong which interferes with their pleasure and injures their property rather than undertake the trouble and expense of doubtful prosecution."

Hare and Bicycle.

WHILE galloping through a bottom along the North Platte River in 1886, my horse stepped on and killed a small cottontail rabbit that did not get out of his way quick enough. One of the late issues of the London *Field* tells of a hare being run over and killed by a bicycle rider, and another instance is given where the same thing was only averted by the quickness of the animal. The latter incident is described as follows: "On Sept. 30 a hare was running toward me, in a straight line with my bicycle, jumped into the air with a side wriggle, and cleared my front wheel, landing just at my pedal as I swept past. I was just prepared to see my wheel, and perhaps myself, go over it when it achieved this wonderful performance." B.

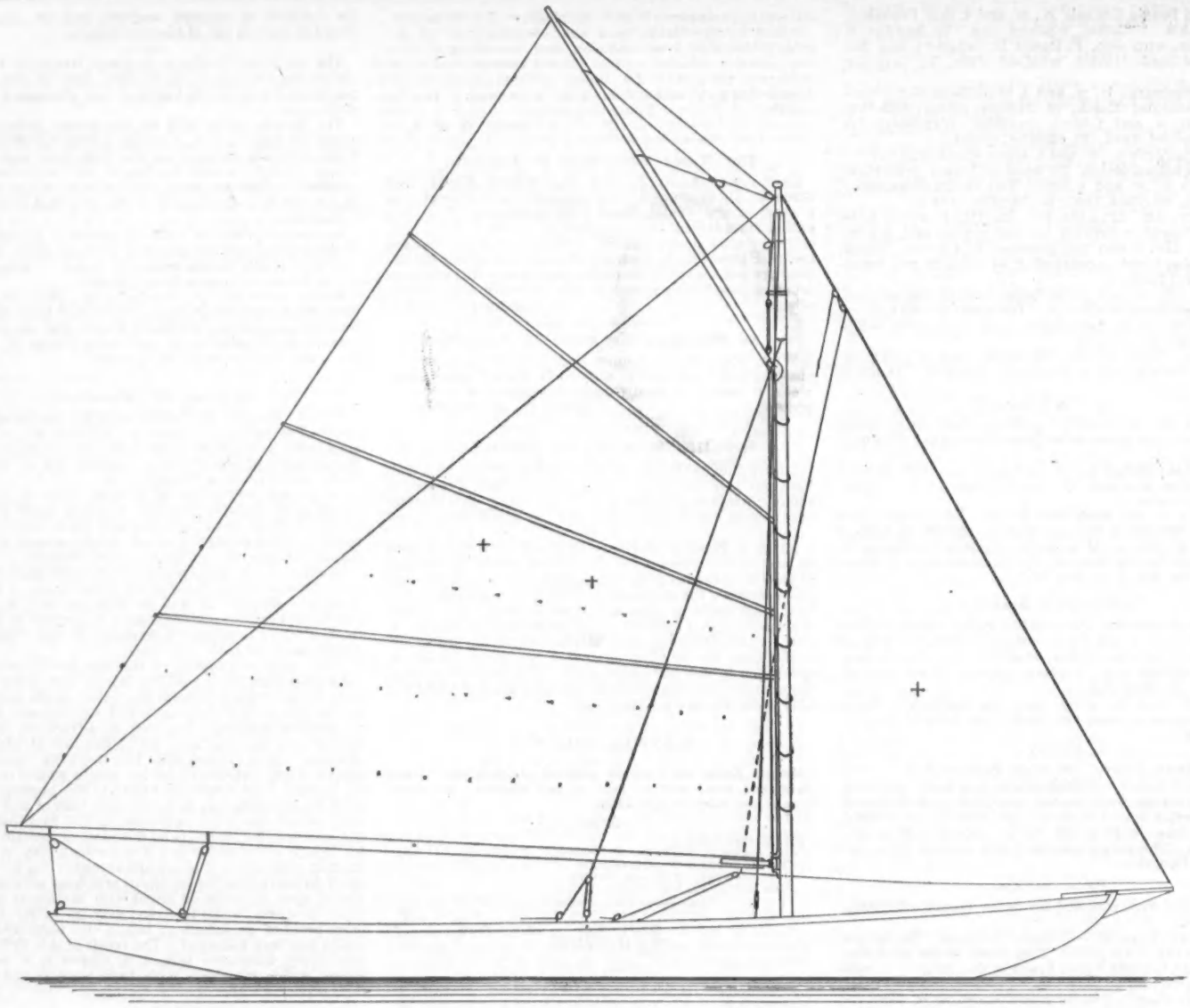
Yachting.

A SPECIAL meeting of the New York Y. C. will be held on Nov. 5 to pass for a second time upon the amendments to the racing rules accepted at the last meeting. A new amendment will be introduced providing that existing yachts, while exempted from the draft limits as they stand, shall not be allowed to increase their draft by alteration beyond the limits.

ON Oct. 30 the steam yacht Intrepid, Lloyd Phœnix, returned to New York after a voyage of some 18 000 miles to the Mediterranean and European ports, having left New York on March 20. The voyage is rather a remarkable one for a large steam yacht, in that both owner and captain crossed the Atlantic both ways in the yacht instead of in an "ocean greyhound."

THE present time is the most favorable opportunity for the enactment of new and improved rules that has ever existed in American yachting since racing was established. In the classes above 30ft the old boats are so completely outclassed, and have so generally withdrawn from the racing, that they cease to represent that bugaboo of progress, vested interests. In the single-stick classes the only boats that have kept up a pretence of racing are Queen Mab, Wasp, Uvira and Norota, not one of which will have a fighting chance against a new boat built to the limit of her class. In the schooner classes are just three boats which can be said to represent live vested interests as being new and still in the racing: Colonia, Amorita and Quissetta. The other schooners, Ariel, Lasca, Merlin, Iroquois, Marguerite, Quickstep and Volunteer, no longer represent vested interests in that they have no chance of winning from the three named; and Emerald may probably be included in the latter lot rather than the former.

The various measures for the improvement of the rules now before the various clubs are all based on the assumption, which we hope and believe is well founded, that there is to be a marked revival of building this winter; among the new yachts confidently promised are at least one or two schooners, some new cutters of 70ft. racing length, and four or five of 51ft. It is in every way essential that the new boats should



WENONAH.—SAIL PLAN.

be considered above all the old ones in making new rules, and on this occasion, at least, there is no reason why they may not be. As we have shown, there is nothing in the single-stick class which can reasonably claim to represent a vested interest, and the three schooners can be provided for by special legislation, if necessary, in order to allow them to race for a season or two against the new boats.

To those who have followed the slow course of improvement in American yachting the changes of the past two years are indeed wonderful; the sandbagger has disappeared so quietly that its demise has passed unnoticed, fixed ballast and limited crew and sail area have been universally adopted, the old reaching courses have given place to short triangles sailed several times over, with provisions for stopping a race at the end of a round, and even the one-gun start, so long decried as impossible, has been adopted.

It is impossible to consider the questions of overhangs and waterline measurement without being forced to the conclusion that they are most closely connected, and that the former must be greatly simplified by that solution of the latter which is clearly inevitable—the measurement with crew on board. There can be no question that this must shortly be done in all classes in America just as it has long been done in England, and as it is done here now in the races for the America's Cup and in all the smaller classes.

The only reason urged against it is most inadequate: that existing yachts would have to be remeasured, causing much work, and might come out of their classes. Against this we would urge that if new yachts are built they must be designed under the new rules to the extreme limit of their classes, and the designers will do some very close figuring in the matter of weights and waterline in order to waste nothing that is of advantage. It makes no difference whatever to owner or designer whether the new boat be designed for measurement with crew or without crew, so long as the rule is fixed one way or the other; but it will make a very great difference if the rule be changed in the near future, as it plainly must be, and the owners of new boats, built already to the limits of their classes, are obliged to conform to it.

There has been entirely too much hasty and ill-considered legislation of late in yachting, and we hope that before it is too late those who are in a position to exert any influence by vote or otherwise will consider seriously this important question at least. Measurement with crew aboard is inevitable; it must come as surely as uniform classification, uniform rules, one-gun starts and triangular courses have come. Any attempt to ignore it now can only work trouble in the future after new yachts have been built, as it is beyond question that such yachts will be designed to the limits of their classes when measured without crew.

It is not necessary at this late day to go into lengthy arguments to prove that the only proper way in which to measure a racing yacht is with weights of all kind aboard, in the ballast, and as nearly as possible in the trim in which the yacht actually sails. No other method is so fair to all yachts, so reasonable in itself, or so sure a preventive of evasion or "cheating" of the length measurement. Whether it is enough in itself, or whether it should be supplemented by a measurement at a stated distance above the actual loadline or by some other tax on overhang, is a secondary question, and one that can only be properly discussed on the basis of measurement of waterline in actual sailing trim.

We publish this week the announcement of the fourth annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. As usual, a number of valuable papers will be read, and the two days of the meeting will give opportunities for a social reunion that is as useful in its way as the papers themselves. It is gratifying to note the success of an institution which was long needed in this country, and which, now that it has come, is each year giving new evidence of its practical value.

The Council of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound has nearly completed the work in which it has been engaged since the ending of the racing season—the thorough overhauling of the racing rules. Though adopted on short notice and in an experimental way, with many concessions to the varying customs of the many organizations which it was proposed to unite, the rules thus far have worked admirably through two seasons of regular racing. So great has been the change of public opinion during that short time in such matters as measurement with crew on board, one-gun starts, etc., that it is not only possible, but absolutely necessary, to revise the rules, and to incorporate some features heretofore unknown in American yachting. In some points, such as the remodeling of the list of classes, the abolition of allowance within the classes, etc., the general nature of the desired improvement has been plainly discernible, and the Council has had only to deal with details. In others, such as the question of limiting draft, overhang and sail, and that of a material alteration of the measurement rule, it has proved very difficult to lay out any general plan that promises to be satisfactory, and as yet no action has been taken.

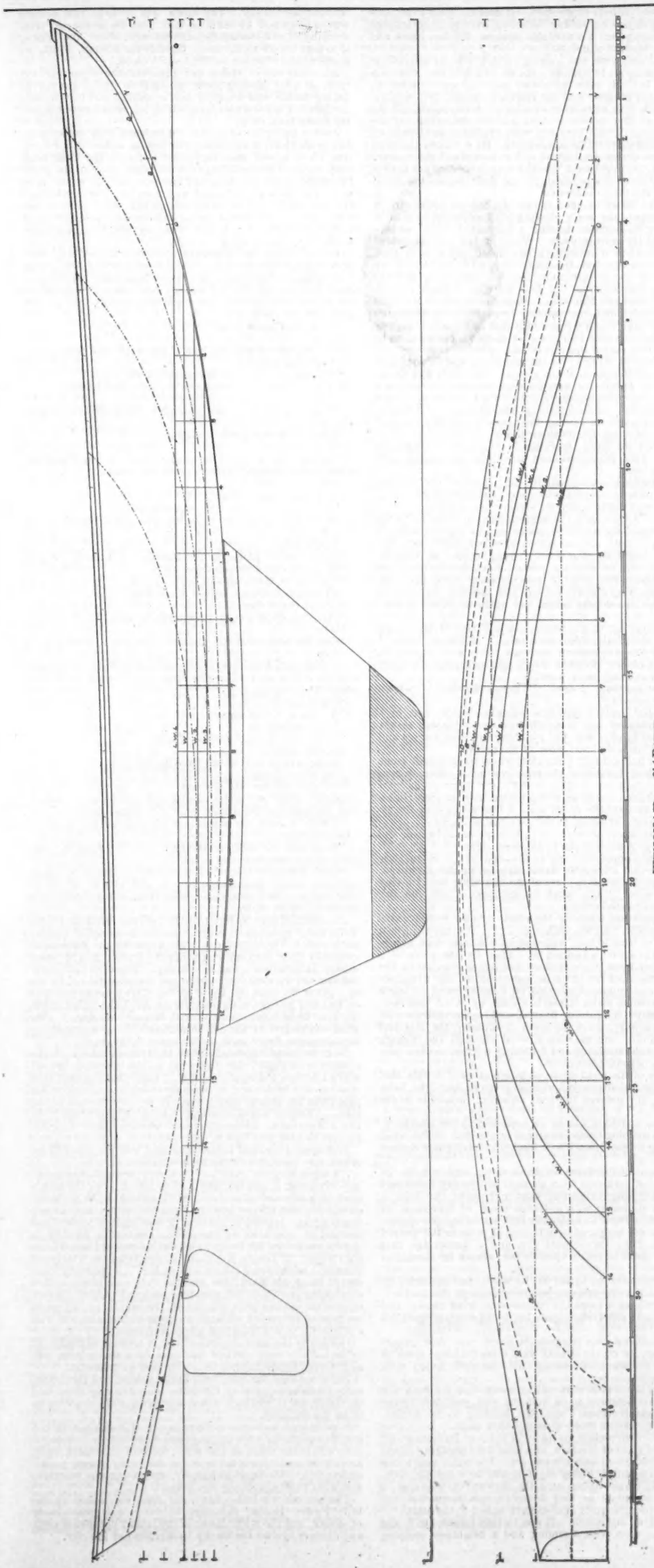
So far as it has gone, the work of the Council in the form of amendments to many of the rules is most satisfactory. The main ends in view have been the lessening of the number of classes, the strengthening of such classes as have been retained as permanent, the abolition of time allowance and the encouragement of owners to build to the full limits of the classes, and the further perfection of the details of actual management of races. The work has been done to a certain extent in concert with the Larchmont and New York clubs, though neither is a member of the Union, and all of the good features of the changes proposed in those clubs have been utilized; but the Union is prepared to go considerably further than the two clubs, especially in such important points as the measurement with crew on board in all classes and the limiting of yachts to the classes in which they belong, and prohibiting them from racing in others. The changes recommended are now nearly completed and will shortly be published, prior to being submitted to the Union for ratification.

On some of the more important points, the proposed limitation of draft and the possible alteration of the present formula with a view of producing a better type of yacht, the Council has as yet reached no positive conclusions.

WENONAH-GUDRUDA.

In spite of the large amount of information which it contains, the average yacht club book is not specially interesting or even valuable outside of a very limited field. The Imperial Y. C., of Germany, has for some years made its handsome year book of permanent value to yachtsmen, whether directly interested in the club or not, by the publication of yacht cruises and also of the designs of prominent yachts, both racing and cruising, each book containing three or four complete designs. It is through this medium that we are enabled to publish the lines of one of the earliest of the Herreshoff fin-keels, the first American yacht to make a notable record in British waters since the days of the old America. The first experimental bulb-fin, Dilemma, was designed by N. G. Herreshoff and built at the works at Bristol for his own use, being launched in October, 1891. The results of her successful trials being widely heralded, two orders were placed for similar yachts for the following season. The first order was from Henry Allan, of Glasgow, one of the younger members of the famous yachting family of the Clyde, who had raced the Watson lugger Elfin in the 2½-rating class in 1891. The new yacht, to which Mr. Allan gave the Indian name of Wenonah, was built to the same class, then in its prime on the Clyde. The other boat was ordered by H. Maitland Kersey, a young English yachtsman who had recently made his home in New York, and was intended for the then existing 25ft. racing length class on the Sound, of which Smuggler and Nameless were the first boats. El Chico, as Mr. Kersey named his boat, was practically a sister of Wenonah, with the exception of a slight difference in rig, she having no bowsprit, the jib being set with a club on the foot, this club swiveled to the stemhead and projecting forward of it for 2ft.

Wenonah's success was remarkable from the start, and in two seasons' racing she made a record of thirty-three prizes in forty-six starts, her total winnings being about $750. At the end of her second season she was purchased by His Royal Highness, Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to the Emperor, an enthusiastic yachtsman and owner of such crack yachts as the half-rater Niny, the forty-rater Irene, and later the cruising cutter L'Esperance. She was shipped



WENONAH.—2½-RATER.

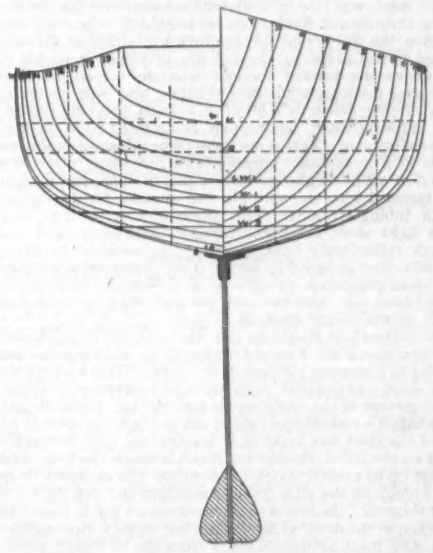
Redrawn from lines in Year Book of the Imperial Yacht Club of Germany.

by steamer from Glasgow to Stettin, and in the seasons of 1894-5 she was raced with much success by her royal owner under the name of Gudruda; her advent doing much to stimulate the interest in the class in German waters and to promote the building of new yachts.

The lines of Gudruda, as here given, have been enlarged and redrawn from the small drawing in the year book of the Imperial Y. C. We presume that they are accurate and reliable, as in the cases of such noted yachts the lines are usually taken from the boat herself by an officer of the German navy. The dimensions of the yacht are as follows:

Length over all	37ft.	5in.
l.w.l.	25ft.	6in.
Overhang, bow	5ft.	
stern	6ft.	11in.
Beam, extreme	7ft.	2in.
l.w.l.	6ft.	6in.
Draft, extreme	6ft.	2in.
hull only	1ft.	8¼in.
Freeboard, least	1ft.	10in.
Sheer, bow	1ft.	
stern		5¼in.
Fin plate	717lbs.	
Bulb	1,500lbs.	
Mast, from fore end, l.w.l.	6ft.	6in.
deck to upper hounds	25ft.	6in.
diameter, deck		5in.
greatest		5¼in.
Bowsprit, outboard	2ft.	
Boom	27ft.	
diameter		4in.
Gaff	14ft.	5in.
diameter		3in.
Mainsail, area	434sq. ft.	
Jib	142sq ft.	
Total	576sq. ft.	
Y. R. A. Official S. A., 1892	599sq. ft.	

The construction and rigging of both Wenonah and El Chico is thoroughly original, the work of N. G. Herreshoff. The construction was more or less a matter of gradual evolution, the firm having built many steam yachts of increasing size year by year with steamed and bent frames of light scantling and double-skin planking. The rig, a most radical departure from the conventional details of both American and English yachts, was less of a gradual evolution than of a



speedy invention. The building of Gloriana in 1891 marked the return of the Herreshoffs to the field of sailing yachts, in which they had once been noted, after some years of practical retirement from it while engaged in steam yacht and torpedo boat work. The rigging of Gloriana was no less original than other of her prominent features, and was very far ahead, both in strength and lightness, of anything yet seen on either American or English cutters. The same characteristics were visible in the sloop rigs of the two smaller yachts.

Wenonah is built with a flat keel of oak about 12in. wide and 3in. thick, sprung to the proper sweep, the extreme fore end being formed of an oak knee where the curve is most abrupt. The frames are also of oak, sided 1in. and moulded 1¼in., spaced between 9 and 10in. These frames after steaming are bent on solid moulds of the proper shape, each pair of timbers being secured to its mould with iron dogs and the moulds being then set up on the floor of the shop with the heels of the frames upward. The keel is then bent over the moulds, and the heels of the frames fastened. The wales are of white oak, in single lengths where the size of the yacht permits, with a heavy moulding worked on the upper outer edge, just under the plankshear. After the wales are in place and the garboards, also of a single thickness, are fitted, the inner skin is laid fore and aft, of white cedar about ⅛in. thick; and over this is laid the outer skin of mahogany of about the same thickness. The planks are always narrow, not over 4 to 5in. The two skins are fastened to the oak frames by brass screws.

After the bottom is finished off the hull is lifted by overhead traveling cranes and turned over, the clamps, deck frame, etc., being put on. The clamp is of oak, 1⅛ by 1¼in. The floor construction, to carry the bulb-fin, consists first of a series of oak cross floors, one on each frame, sided 1¼in. and about 3in. deep where they cross the keel. On top of these floors at each end of the hull are two pairs of keelsons. These are of oak, sided 1¼in. and 4in. deep amidships, tapering toward the ends. The after pair are parallel, 6in. apart. The forward pair converge until they meet at their fore ends. The mast step is a stout piece of plank bolted on top of the forward keelsons. For a distance of about 7ft. amidships there are no keelsons. The fin, which is of Tobin bronze ⅛in. thick, is fitted on its upper edge with two angles of the same metal, 3½×3½×⅜in., the two riveted through the fin. These angles fay against the bottom of the oak keel, to which they are fastened with ½in. Tobin bronze bolts, through floors and keelsons.

There is a deck beam to each frame, main beams 1×1¼in.,

other beams 4×1½in. The deck is of white pine, narrow and ship lapped, the edges fastened with a U-shaped staple riveted below. The hull is well strengthened by knees, diagonal straps, etc., but the peculiar side trusses between bilge and deck introduced in 1895 in Mr. Allan's larger fin-keel, the 10-rater Dacotah, are not found in these earlier and smaller boats.

The accommodations are necessarily very limited, the extreme height from the top of the keel to the under side of the deck beam amidships is barely over 3ft. The "main saloon," with this head room, has for furnishing a shelf 16in. wide in each bilge, which, when cushioned, makes a sofa, though, as there is but 2ft. between it and the deck, one cannot sit upright. The deck is flush for the whole length, with a fore hatch about 2ft. 6in.×3ft., a companion 2ft.× 2ft., and a watertight cockpit 2ft. 4in. wide and 3ft. 6in. long; it is 1ft. deep, with a bottom of ⅝in. plank, two thicknesses. There is room forward for a hammock cot, and there are shelves and pantries for food, a single paid hand being carried to look after the boat at all times. The finish of the hull is very attractive, with white pine and mahogany in contrast, and good joiner work in all parts. The transom, as shown in the plans, is merely a straight flat plank, strong, simple and unsightly; apart from this boxy end the yacht is very handsome on the water.

The 2½-rating class at the time of Wenonah's debut was rigged with the mongrel combination of gunter and leg-o'-mutton rig known as the lug; but Wenonah carried the ordinary gaff mainsail, with hoops on the mast. The mast was solid, 5in. in diameter at the deck and 5½in. from the middle to the hounds, above which was merely a conical point. The shrouds, of ¼in. wire rope, ran to the hounds, where a shoulder was worked to carry them; the forestay of the same size rope, also going over the head, but higher up, just below the truck. The blocks were of brass, of the open shell pattern, with pin fast in sheave, and those on the mast were shackled into eyes which were riveted into flat brass plates, secured to the spars by brass wood screws. The jib halyard block hung from the masthead by a strap of wire rope, and the throat halyard block, instead of being hung from the ordinary fixed iron bracket, also hung from the hounds by a single part of ¼in. wire rope, 3ft. 6in. long. At its lower end this pendant was spliced into an eye in a band made of 1¼×$\frac{3}{16}$in. brass, which played freely on the mast, the upper throat block being also fast to a lower eye in the same band. In this way the throat halyard blocks might be set up block and block, leaving a minimum of halyard for stretching; and yet the gaff, swinging from the extreme top of the mast, was free to work without strain on the jaws.

The shrouds and forestay served to hold the top of the mast in place, but to provide for the forward buckle of the mast caused by the strain of the gaff the pendants were placed just above the jaws of the gaff when fully hoisted. Each went over the mast with an eye splice, and was prevented from slipping down by a bit of $\frac{3}{16}$in. sheet brass cut out and bent to form a hook, the flat part being fastened to the mast by wood screws. This same light piece of sheet brass was made to serve another purpose; two projecting ends were turned at right angles to form a pair of lugs, and to them was fastened with ¼in. split pin the spreader for the shroud, of ¼in. tubing 1ft. long. This same idea of fittings made from light sheet brass was carried out in other parts, and though ridiculously light to the eye accustomed to heavy forgings, they apparently served their purpose admirably. The boom gooseneck was of a peculiar pattern, partly shown in the drawings; the jaws of the gaff were made of sheet metal, as were many other small parts.

The mainsail of Wenonah had three battens, as shown, very flexible on the forward ends. The working jib was sheeted to a traveler forward of the mast. The lead of the main sheet was peculiar; there were two travelers, as shown in the picture of the yacht under sail; on the forward one, just abaft the rudderhead, was a single block to which the end of the sheet was made fast, leading up and through a block on the boom, thence down and through the first block and aft up to another block on the boom, thence down to the single block on the after traveler and forward to a cleat just abaft the well. In this way the sheet could travel back and forth across the deck without jamming against the rudderhead, as it must have done if led from the forward traveler.

The rudder was a single plate of ¼in. Tobin bronze, with a wooden tiller about 4ft. long, shipping in a socket on the brass ruddercap.

The owners of both Wenonah and El Chico have spoken in the highest terms of the good qualities of the boats—fast, weatherly and seaworthy in the extreme for their small size.

IN ALL WEATHERS.

A 15-footer* on Lake Ontario.

For two summers we had been looking forward to taking such a trip, and at last when it seemed within our grasp we could scarce realize that our expectations were now on the verge of fulfillment. Many a time since the August evening when last we waved a silent farewell toward its sandy beach and the green encircling hills of its little lake had we talked of Jordan and planned to pay another visit to its quiet beauties.

I talked of the bass and perch to be lured from its weed beds and old deserted cribs, or grew enthusiastic over starry lilies, music-making trees, glowing sunsets, and the pleasures of lying afloat in the little haven below the bridge, with the cool arms of night about us, the heavens above us spangled with stars such as no city ever sees, on all sides the clear water mirroring the stars above and the mystery of trees along its shores, and within us an inexpressible content that we were once in harmony with nature.

To this my *Fidus Achates* added his reminiscences of well-kept fruit farms, pretty farmhouses, quiet country roads, and luscious, freshly picked fruit, to be had for the asking.

Yet, despite our earnest efforts, one arrangement after another fell through, till I imagined "the stars in their courses" fought against us as they are said to have fought against Sisera.

Now, on the afternoon of Aug. 8 we were actually afloat on the waters of Lake Ontario, with our bow pointed S.¼W. and three days' provisions in our lockers.

The crew, Vic by name, sat with his back against the coaming on one side and his feet against the coaming on the other and hummed snatches of a song, the refrain of which seemed to be, "No other pleasure can compare with drinking, drinking, drinking;" as he is a strict cold-water man I am at a loss to explain this, unless it is an example of hereditary depravity not entirely suppressed. It does me good to see how that boy enjoys his sailing, bubbling over with enthusiasm till his happy face is a veritable panacea for the blues and all other kindred ailments.

A light east wind was blowing, which kept us moving at the rate of about two knots. As we had left our moorings at about 1 P. M. with thirty-two miles of water before us, this did not promise well for reaching Jordan before morning. Still, hour after hour we slipped gently along, till the features of the northern shore and the spreading city became indistinct with haze and were gradually swallowed up by the thickening of the atmosphere. By 6 o'clock the wind had drawn almost dead ahead and remained as light as ever, while to the northwest the sky was darkening ominously and the sinking sun plunged out of sight behind the cloud veil with startling suddenness.

But later, as we lounged at ease sipping our coffee after a hearty supper, the sun's glowing disk appeared once more just above the horizon, flashing a fiery river across the lake to our quietly moving craft. When at last he disappeared again, the whole northwestern sky blazed into a lurid glow with the life blood of the dying day. The crimson glory tinted with the softest pink, the sails and deck and the spreading ripples from our bow were as crimson ribbons streaking the dark blue lake. Magnificent indeed was that blaze of color, and one watched breathlessly its deepening tints; but there was a menace in it that failed not to impress us and made me turn to Vic with a muttered comment as he watched with parted lips and earnest eyes.

Darkness fell rapidly, for the whole sky was clouded and no stars appeared to cheer the gloom. The night was warm, though not oppressive, for the clouds seemed to act as a blanket and the freshening southwest wind was as balmy as a tropical breeze. Soon lightning was flashing in the north and the southwest, following the heavy clouds that seemed to work west along the northern shore.

For hours we sailed, working in long tacks toward the southern shore, where twinkled the lights of Niagara and Port Dalhousie.

The lightning was constant, but thunder was seldom heard, so seldom indeed that we hoped to pass by Port Dalhousie's range lights before the storm could reach us.

Carefully we watched the western horizon when lit by the electric flashes, for we dared not be caught napping with all our canvas spread, and yet it seemed wise to carry on to the very last minute, so as to reach a haven as soon as possible. Suddenly a roll of thunder seemed to vibrate through the boat and then a few drops of rain splashed down upon us. The oilskins were quickly got out and donned, but after a few minutes the shower ceased and again we hoped to miss the storm.

Vic, peering out to windward, saw a lifting of the clouds and said cheerfully, "No more rain." While he spoke I swept the western horizon and saw there well abeam the grim black clouds stooping down and sweeping the water with misty trailing vapor wreaths.

"Do you see that?" I said. "There's the rain!" "Down with the mainsail!"

He jumped for the halyards, already cleared, and in a trice the mainsail was dropped, leaving us jogging slowly along under mizzen and jib, watching carefully the sea and sky to anticipate the next move of the enemy.

A coil of halyard had gone aloft when the mainsail came down, and as I watched the crew getting it clear my eyes traveled to the main truck. A thrill ran through me as I looked, for the mast head was glowing with lambent light, appearing as the little vessel rocked like a finger of fire inscribing mystic symbols on the dark clouds above.

Look! quick! St. Elmo's fire! A corposant!" I cried, and Vic gazed in wonder at the uncommon sight.

'Tis a good omen, the sailors say, and yet it is an eerie sight to see that intangible flame lapping to the masthead, dimming to the brighter glare of the lightning, and glowing out again more clearly when the darkness of sea and sky again reigns unchallenged.

Now there came a lull in the wind. "Ah!" I said, "this means mischief. Down with the jib." The crew judged there was no time to lose, and indeed the sail was hardly down ere the squall was upon us. Then by the glare of a lightning jag I saw Vic's yellow-clad figure drop flat on the struggling folds of the jib as he lashed it to the bowsprit, the white and yellow silhouetted on a background of black sky and greenish water lashed to spume by wind and rain.

Incessantly the lightning flashed, striking the eyeballs with a shock that hurt; while the crash of thunder, the hiss and beat of the rain, and the rush of wind through the rigging and around the straining and fluttering mizzen, made a pandemonium beyond description.

The fury of the wind drove us astern at such a rate that the most careful attention had to be given to keep the helm amidships, and prevent the boat swinging broadside to the rising sea.

And what a sight it was as we crouched in the cockpit to gaze at the seething water, scourged by the flail of the wind into hissing ridges, from whose flanks the driving rain flashed in a snowy veil.

In the heart of the storm we drove along, shut out by its sweeping mist-garments from all sight of friendly lights and indications of other existences than our own. At such a time one is impressed with a strange sense of loneliness, of utter aloofness from all humanity that would become oppressive were it not tempered by a feeling of pride in the proved capabilities of the boat beneath you, and a knowledge that one's crew could be relied upon to the utmost in steadiness and skill.

For five minutes the squall did its worst, and lightened up only to return a few minutes longer with all its pristine fury.

As suddenly as it came the furious west wind ceased, and once again our old friend from the southwest resumed his sway.

In the southeast over Niagara the storm was now apparently raging, for zigzag streaks were there flashing down in sheafs and streams so constantly that the eyes ached with the brilliancy.

Overhead the clouds were rolling away, and ere long the Pleiades were beaming on us from the east, and over in the west the great Northern Cross was bending to its setting, shining on us like an omen of safety as it sank.

Once again we picked up the twin lights of Dalhousie and the brighter glare of Niagara, and soon were plunging shoreward again with all our canvas set. The wind had left a moderate sea, and a pretty sight it was to watch the occasional spray clouds flying over the forward deck change to crimson and green as they dashed across the path of the rays from the triangular skiff lantern lashed to the mast.

I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to 4, and already the stars were dimming and a brightness creeping into the eastern sky. The dawn was so near that nothing was to be gained by running into Port Dalhousie; so after working in well toward the land we went about, and passing it to port stood along shore directly for Jordan, which we made without further incident at 8 o'clock.

An early cup of coffee had banished the sleep from my eyes; so after landing some wet stuff to dry, I got out the fishing tackle and tempted a few sunfish and bass to take my bait. Vic tried also for a while, but soon tired of it, and lay down for a sleep.

Jordan proved to be all we remembered and anticipated, and more pleasant memories will now be added to our store. Ask Vic if he will ever forget the swim in the clear, cool, deep water of the outlet; the dinner eaten lying in the grateful shade of the old dock and elevator, among whose piles and cribs the water trickled and gurgled; the big-hearted fruit farmer and his acres of plums and large thimble berries in which we reveled, or the well-earned repose that night under the cockpit tent, with a lulling wind singing incessantly through the trees.

We met there too a regular "old man of the sea," who proved a veritable incubus; for he seemed to be afflicted with a monomania regarding a Mackinaw boat some Toronto men had offered to sell him. Twenty times if once he approached me in regard to the boat, his inquiries generally taking some such form as these:

"You don't know Lang?"

"No."

"Likely you'd know the boat if you heard the name."

"Probably I would."

"Mackenaws are good fishing boats, ain't they?"

"Yes. They use nothing else on the Upper Lakes."

"Right smart sailors, I guess?"

"Yes, they sail very well, though not so good as a sloop to windward."

"Lang lives on Churchill avenue."

"Yes?"

"He says she's rented to a man down at the Thousand Islands and comes to Toronto every two weeks."

"Oh!"

"You don't know Lang?"

"No."

"What boat comes up from the Thousand Islands every two weeks?"

"Don't know."

Here follows a pause of five minutes as I move further along to drop my line in a fresh place.

Presently he sidles up and begins again.

"Pretty good fishing boat, a Mackinaw?"

A grunt (from me).

"Not so good as a sloop to windward, though?"

Grunt.

"You know most of the yachts at Toronto, I guess."

"Yes."

"I wisht you knew her. Lang says he rented her to a man and she comes up to Toronto from the Thousand Islands every two weeks."

Silence again.

"You don't know Lang?"

"No," explosively,

"They carry a lot of canvas, I guess?"

Another grunt.

"Lang says he will let me have her for $40."

"Oh, d—— Lang!"

Then he subsides into injured silence for some minutes while I pulled out a fat sunfish and put on a new worm. Not for long does he remain quiet and begins again:

"I wisht I knew her name, then likely you'd know her."

No answer.

"Lang says she's 28ft. on the keel. Do you think it likely she'd hold a couple o' mile o' net?"

"Look here, my friend," I said, "if you want to know anything about Mackinaws, you go and talk to my friend over there. He's just come back from Parry Sound and knows all about them."

He stumped over to Vic with his curious wooden-legged walk, and I watched with great interest the cheerful alacrity with which Vic imparted all he knew about Mackinaws gradually fade into saturnine impassiveness; then I knew misery had company, and was happy. There was no escaping him till we went for a swim, and there he did not follow us. After we came out I said to Vic, "We'd better clear out of this and go over to the elevator on the Lake Shore unless we want to be bored to death with this old nuisance." We went and stayed at the old storehouse till an approaching thunderstorm drove us to shelter again in the creek.

Next morning I crawled out of the tent and stood on the counter with night robes fluttering in the morning breeze, while I prospected on the weather. There that inspired idiot stood on the bridge and in response to my nod withdrew his pipe from his mouth and waved it in the direction of the lake. "There's a boat standing in here," he said; "she looks like a Mackinaw. Likely it's Lang come over from Toronto. I'd like to have you look at that boat."

In despair I plunged below again and got into my clothes, refusing to indulge in further conversation.

All night long the wind had been very strong, but as morning advanced it quieted down so much that we deemed a start both safe and advisable. At 10 o'clock A. M. we hoisted our jib, cast off our bowline from the bridge and swung down stream lakeward, getting in our anchor, which had been let go astern, as we passed it. I waved a good-by to the Jordanites on the bridge, and the last words I heard from land were: "If Lang's Mackinaw comes from the Thousand Islands, I wisht you'd take a look at her." I mentally consigned Lang, his Mackinaw and the "old man of the sea" to everlasting perdition, but remained outwardly calm. As we cleared the sunken cribs projecting the mouth of the creek we hoisted the reefed mainsail, running awhile under it and a whole jib with a fresh and quartering breeze.

Gradually the wind lightened till it seemed advisable to shake out our reef. When that was done the mizzen was next spread to the breeze; then a balloon jib followed.

For some time the wind continued to drop, and then gradually freshened again, at the same time drawing more into the south, till at 1 o'clock it was almost dead aft, enabling us to set the spinaker.

Now indeed we began to have hopes of making a record run, for the sheets were tugging harder and harder, a stronger note was in the voice of the wind, and an increasing swirl and swish made music to the ear as the rising waves passed underneath. Vic laughed happily, and a curious exhilaration went tingling through my veins.

The horizon was rather hazy, but soon we picked up the tall "Power House" chimney, belching out great clouds of smoke, and the white tower of the Island lighthouse clear and distinct against the smoky background of the city.

*The little yacht Lynette was illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 6, 1895.

Still faster and faster we flew, tearing through the wave crests with a rush that sent them driving off in a foamy curl that rose clear above the leeward deck and yet touched it not. Then when we were caught on the advancing front of a swell the wave motion seemed to carry us forward with such a breathless rush that the spinaker would momentarily fall into a bag and the water boil under the counter with a note of distant muffled thunder. The exhilaration of the rushing, swooping motion and the sparkling life of the lake acted on us like strong wine, and we laughed and shouted and sang like very schoolboys let loose on an unexpected holiday.

As we passed the lighthouse and the holiday makers on the point the waves and wind were still increasing, and I said to Vic: "We can't begin to carry this canvas on the wind; we'll go down the bay with a flowing main sheet or I'm no prophet."

He glanced at the canvas, then over the stern to windward and said: "We'll be lucky to reach our mooring without dropping it altogether or else reefing. But what of that? our record's to the Western gap."

The Queen's wharf was made at 3:20 P. M., which meant a run of thirty miles in five hours and twenty minutes.

As the breakwater bore abeam we clipped the wings of our flying sea horse by dropping the spinaker, and then waiting for a smooth went about, not daring to jibe with such a strong wind and in the midst of the pyramidal jump of water caused by the back wash from the piers. The wind from the lake had rolled back the smoke from the city, and old Toronto in the fresh, clear air, bright with her waving trees and holiday bunting, looked indeed the Queen City of the Lake. Many white wings dotted the expanse of the bay, but no craft seemed able to carry all lower canvas, and single and double reefs seemed in general favor. As for us, we were glad to run down the bay with main sheet well eased off, then lower mainsail, and run into our boat house slip under mizzen and jib. After canvas had been stowed and dunnage landed, I turned to Vic and said: "Are you satisfied with the run?"

He replied: "It was the sail of a lifetime," and I agreed with him.

J. Edw. Maybee.

Larchmont Y. C.

A special meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on Oct. 28 at Delmonico's, with Com. Gillig in the chair, the object being to adopt the proposed amendments to the racing rules. All of the proposals were adopted, though several changes of detail were made in the course of the meeting. The rules in use for the past two seasons have been changed in many ways that experience has shown desirable, and the proposed amendments covered a large number of details. The classification has been revised, the limits having already appeared in the Forest and Stream. This classification is practically uniform with the New York Y. C. and the Yacht Racing Union. The 15ft. class has been dropped, the smallest being the 20ft., and all of the special classes, the 34ft., 30ft., etc., have been dropped, the boats henceforth taking their places according to measurement in the regular classes. This is a good change. Whatever the special classes may have done for racing in the past few seasons, it is apparent that their usefulness has departed, that much more is to be gained by strengthening and building up a number of regular classes. The plan of designating each class by a letter of the commercial code has been adopted, but with it the old and confusing system of arbitrary names for the classes has been retained. The practical result of this system is apparent in reading over the rules; the statement that a yacht in Class G shall do one thing and a yacht in Class Q shall do another conveys of itself no information whatever unless a man has memorized the whole list or has it in his hand. It would have been quite as direct, concise and simple to use the terms 70ft. class, 30ft. class, etc. In connection with the classification it is provided that the regatta committee, with the approval of the commodore, may establish special classes for any regatta.

The limitation of draft is identical with that previously adopted by the New York Y. C.; in fact, though the proposed limitation was first actually adopted by the New York Y. C., the idea originated within the Larchmont Y. C., and that club is entitled to all of the credit for it. The following proviso, however, was added to avoid the blunder made in passing the rule in the New York Y. C.:

"But this limit shall not apply to any yachts in existence at the time of the passage of these amendments when racing in the class in which she was classified prior to this time."

"This exception, however, shall not be so construed as to permit a vessel launched prior to Oct. 22, 1896, to increase her draft beyond the limit allowed for her class.

As already noted, the rule as passed by the New York Y. C. is so worded as to allow the deepening to an unlimited extent of an existing yacht; for instance, it would be possible, so far as the rule goes, to rebuild Emerald, making her a bulb-fin of any extreme draft.

The allowance for rig and the measurement rules are both unchanged; except for the proviso that in classes P, Q, S, Y and V, which we find by reference to page 4, are the 25 and 20ft. classes of sloops and the three catboat classes, over 25ft., 25ft. and 20ft., the measurement shall be taken with a weight on board equal to 150lbs. for each man allowed for crew. Unfortunately this excellent regulation is not extended to cover the larger class and all rigs, as might easily be done at the present time, but is left to the future, when it will be infinitely more difficult. Provision is now made for the deposit of the lines of winning yachts with the club, with the privilege of making models therefrom for the club's collection. The privilege of copying such lines or models is accorded to "the United States Naval Constructor."

The allowance table stands as it was, but three very important stipulations have been added: one that no new yacht launched after Nov. 1, 1896, shall be entitled to time allowance in her class, except the largest and unlimited class of each rig; another that in the case of old yachts going up a class they shall assume the mean racing length of the class; and a third designed to keep existing yachts in their present classes. The first proposition is an excellent one, long advocated by the Forest and Stream in connection with the one-gun start; all times taken from the gun and the first yacht over the line at the finish being the winner. This will do much to strengthen the classes and to improve the quality of the racing, as it will effectually bar the building of yachts well under the class limit for the sake of the allowance. The second proviso is worded as follows: "Any yacht alone in her class may sail in the class next above, but in such case such yacht shall assume and be entered as of the mean racing length specified for the class in which she so enters; but this shall not be so construed as to permit a sloop, cutter or yawl to enter in a schooner class." This new section is merely in accord with the idea of class racing without time allowance; it puts a heavier penalty than ever before imposed on a smaller yacht which goes up into a larger class.

It is a question whether the rule might not well be made even stronger, so as to prevent entirely a smaller yacht from going above her own class and possibly spoiling some very good racing in a larger one. In the past, with an infinite number of classes between the numerous clubs and comparatively few yachts in any one class, it was desirable to encourage racing by allowing a yacht with no competitor in her own class to go into a larger one. In one way no harm was done, as every yacht in the larger class gave or took time as well as the outsider. It is an open fact that this privilege of sailing in one class or another at will was not infrequently abused in one of several ways. The underlying assumption on which all the present changes of rules are based is that with fewer and more sharply defined classes and no time allowance, with a thorough system of starting, timing, signaling, etc., and with a large number of races under uniform rules, there will be enough entries in certain favorite classes in almost every race to provide good sport within these classes. This being the case, it is well to put a stop to the practice of going up a class, by which one outside yacht, with her allowance, may break up the racing of half a dozen boats of the same measurement in the larger class. It of course follows that with the withdrawal of the old privilege there must be a provision for a "sail-over" prize, as a matter of justice to the owner who comes to the line ready to start and has no competitor; but whatever may be urged against sail-over prizes as meaning nothing, the use of them is preferable to the alternative of disturbing a number of yachts properly in a class for the sake of one that is not in it.

A new addition to the same rule is as follows: Any yacht that increases her measurements for the purpose of sailing in a class above that in which she would sail according to the last official measurement taken prior to Nov. 1, 1896, shall not be entitled to any time allowance from other yachts in that class. In practice this, for instance, would prevent one of the special 30ft. class going into the 36ft. class, as it stands to-day, with only old or semi-cruising boats, and destroying all racing in the class. It serves, in the transition from old rules to new, to keep existing yachts in the classes which they naturally fit, even though exceeding, through intention or otherwise, the exact limit of the class

In the rule relating to entries a very important change was made, as an amendment to the original proposal: The racing measurement of a yacht must be filed with the regatta committee before 10 o'clock on morning of race, and not ten days thereafter, as was at first proposed. This rule, if rigidly lived up to, as it should and probably will be by the Larchmont officials, will work hardship now and then in individual cases; but it is a necessary and an excellent one.

The members in charge of the new amendments are not landsmen, but practical yachtsmen with experience both in sailing and in the management of regattas; and we do not understand why they have used the term "walk-over" in preference to "sail-over," as follows: "At least two yachts must start in any one class to entitle a yacht to a prize of full value. Should a yacht be obliged to sail alone in her class, and shall go over the course of her class, she shall be entitled to a prize of one-half the value of the regular prize, and upon same shall be inscribed 'Walk-over Prize.'" The obvious intent of this rule is excellent in connection with the penalty imposed on yachts going up into a larger class.

As to boats, it is provided that every yacht in the 60ft. class and those above it shall carry a boat on deck.

The new courses of the club are described at length in the rules, as heretofore. After several years of trial the arrangements for signaling the courses, starting, stopping a race at any time, etc., have been brought to a very satisfactory stage of perfection by the club, and but few changes have been found necessary.

One small detail which has been improved is the locating of the number and letter above the upper reef points and midway between leech and luff. In the matter of crew, there are no restrictions save as to number in the classes from J upward, but the smaller classes must be steered and manned by amateurs; yachts in classes K, L, M and N being allowed to carry their regular crews, and yachts in classes P, Q, S, T and V being allowed one professional. The total number of crew is limited in each class, some changes being made from the old limit allowing more men. On yachts in classes N, P, Q, S, T and V not more than one lady may be carried.

One of the most important changes is in the manner of starting: "All starts for each class shall be what is known as one-gun starts." Arrangements are made for starting each class separately with a five minute interval by the successive display of the code signals; for instance, the letter N indicates the start for the 30ft. class, and also the preparatory for the 36ft. class, which starts five minutes later on the display of the letter M; also a preparatory for the 43ft. class.

In the racing rules of the road (Rule XXIV.), Sec. 7 has been amended by the following addition: "In order to prove beyond question that an overlap has been established the owner or representative of the overtaking yacht shall hail the overtaken yacht, stating that he has an overlap, and that he shall maintain his rights." Most yachtsmen will be able to recall instances within their personal experience in which the owner or representative of an overtaking yacht has imparted in terms more forcible than polite the information that he has an overlap and intends to maintain his rights, but we know of no instance on record in which such an assertion, however emphatic, has been accepted as proving beyond question that an overlap had been established. The new rule introduced a year ago to govern maneuvering at the start is retained, though open to very serious objection, and not yet accepted by any other club.

The rules as to protest, disqualification, etc., remain unchanged, but there is one rule which may work serious injustice, as now worded: "A yacht which shall be disqualified twice in one season shall be debarred from sailing in club races for the remainder of the season." There is in this wording no recognition of the fact that a yacht may innocently disqualify herself in a way that does no injury to any other yacht, as by the technical fouling of a mark in touching the flag on it; or she may even do so by actual contact with another yacht through circumstances for which she is not morally responsible. It is certainly not the intent of the rule that two such mishaps early in the season should bar a yacht for the remainder of the year. If, as would appear, the intent of the rule is to cover only such cases as disqualification on protest, or by the regatta committee for cause, some change of the wording is necessary.

There are two points in the rules which, in our opinion, are open to serious criticism: the failure to discriminate between the keel and centerboard types in fixing the limits of draft, and the failure to measure with crew aboard in the larger classes. Except in these points—and unfortunately they are important ones, in which a mistake now cannot be easily remedied next year or the year after—the changes are desirable and likely to prove of great benefit to yacht racing, both within the Larchmont Y. C. and throughout the Sound.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

The fourth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city at 10 A. M. Thursday, Nov. 12, 1896. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the meetings will be held in the auditorium of No. 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions continuing through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 12 and 13.

There will be a banquet at Delmonico's at 7 P. M., Friday, Nov. 13, to which members and their guests are cordially invited. Tickets, exclusive of wine, will be $5 each, and they can be obtained, after Nov. 10, by applying to the secretary.

In order that suitable arrangements may be made, the executive committee requests that members will notify the secretary as early as practicable of their intentions as to the banquet, and also as to the probability of their attending the meetings of the Society.

Members intending to propose candidates for membership are requested to notify the secretary in order that the necessary blank forms of application may be forwarded and properly filled out.

The papers to be read are as follows:

THURSDAY, NOV. 12.

1. Test of an Experimental Turret of the U. S. Battle-ship Massachusetts, by Com. W. T. Sampson, U. S. N., Chief of Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.
2. Steel Canal Boats, by Lewis Nixon, Mgr. Crescent Shipyard, Elizabeth, N. J.
3. Trial Performance of the Grand Duchess, by S. N. Smith, Mgr. Newport News Ship-Building and Dry Dock, Co., Newport News, Va.
4. Naval Practice in Ship Rivets and Riveting, by Naval Constructor J. H. Linnard, U. S. N.
5. American Fire-Boats, by H. DeB. Parsons, Marine Engineer.
6. Corn-Pith Cellulose, by H. W. Cramp, Vice-Pres. Wm. Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRIDAY, NOV. 13.

7. The New Battle-Ships, by Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. Navy.
8. Speed Trials of a Screw-Propelled Ferryboat, by F. L. Du Bosque, Engineer Floating Equipment, Pennsylvania Railroad.
9. Hydraulic Sheers for Lifting One Hundred and Twenty-five Tons, by Frank B King, Marine Engineer and Naval Architect.
10. A Method of Calculating the Stability of Ships, adapted to the use of Standard Curves of Stability, by Hugo Hammar, Naval Architect.
11. Stability of a Ship in Damaged Condition, by James Swan, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
12. Damaged Conditions as Affecting the Stability and Fighting Efficiency of Battle-Ships, by Assistant Naval Constructor T. F. Ruhm, U. S. Navy.
13. Screw Propellers, by Prof. Geo. R. McDermott, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

A. C. A. Executive Committee.

The annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association will be held on Friday, Nov. 13, in Toronto.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 25.—The scores made by the members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club is the rifle contests held on Oct 18 and to-day are given below:

Class A, 200yds., Standard target, off-hand:

	Oct. 18.	Oct. 25.
Davis	4333534424—35+2—37	5343354344—38+2—40
Harlan	4442342445 —36	4454533344 —38
Norcom	4000234323—22+2—24	....
Hodson	2222333333 —26	....
Paterson	4540345334—33+2—35	4543443334—36+2—38

Class B, fo[illegible] tes; 100yds., rest, Creedmoor target:

	Oct. 18.	Oct. 25.
Mrs C W Carson	4545454544 —44	4444444554 —42
Mrs Marshall	5444344345—40+2—42	3342334444—34+2—36
Mrs R B Carson	5443445354 —41	....
Miss Ervin	5444.43445 —41	3544444454 —42

In Class A Davis was the winner on both dates. Mrs. C. W. Carson was also the winner in her class on both occasions.

Patty.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 7.—Hackensack, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—Prescott, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessex, etc.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—Oil City, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

H. G. Wheeler, one of the best target and live-bird shooters in Massachusetts (and that is saying a good deal, as there are some fast ones in that State), stopped off for a few days last week on his way South for the winter. Mr. Wheeler's health is not of the best, and the changeable climate of our Northern winter is too severe for him to run any risk by stopping among us for the cold season. He is an enthusiastic wheelman as well as shooter; he rode from Marlboro to New York on his bicycle, and expects to make a great part of his journey South by means of the same method of locomotion. The form he displayed at the Jersey traps during the Elizabeth tournament showed us that "Gil" has not forgotten how to break targets since we last saw him face the traps in the Hazard tournament at Cincinnati last May.

On the afternoon of Election Day the Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., and the Dunellen, N. J., Gun Club will shoot the fourth match of a series of five arranged between these two clubs. As matters stand at present, the Plainfield club has won two of the three already decided. On the same date Henry Weidmeyer and Valentine Swody will shoot a match at 50 targets for $25 a side.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., is considering the question of holding a tournament at sparrows during the week preceding the annual shoot at San Antonio, Texas. The idea is to give the Eastern shooters a chance to stop off at Indianapolis on their way South and try their hands at the Indianapolis specialties—smoothly run tournaments and a sparrow shoot.

B. W. Claridge, of Baltimore, holder of the Du Pont championship trophy, has named Nov. 10 as the date for his match with George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., the challenger for the trophy. The conditions are 50 live birds per man, the shoot to take place on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. It will be remembered that after the decision of the Claridge-Malone match on Oct. 6 J. L. Winston challenged the winner of the Claridge-Roll match, posting a forfeit to bind the challenge.

As Election Day comes on Tuesday, Forest and Stream is put to press on Monday instead of Tuesday, and a number of scores are held over in consequence. Among them is the score of the McIlhany-Calhoun match for the live-bird championship of Kansas, which was won by McIlhany by a score of 46 to 41.

Nov. 2.

Edward Banks.

On Long Island.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Oct. 27.—The monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, held to-day at Dexter Park, was well attended, 29 members taking part in the club event at 25 live birds per man, club handicap rise. Gus Nowak and John Schlicht were the only two to score straight, while Ed Paynter and Eugene Doeinck won second place alone on 9 out of 10. Dr. F. M. Bauer shot along with the members of the club as their guest, scoring 8 out of 10. Each man's score in detail is given below:

Gus Nowak	2221222212—10	H W Voss	1001002111— 6
John Schlicht	2112111221—10	Emil Petersen	2210202010— 6
Ed Paynter	1112221220— 9	Chas Schaefer	1012110010— 6
Eugene Doeinck	2121102122— 9	Emil Metz	2202100202— 6
John H Voss	1e21221122— 3	Adam Knodel	1201200010— 5
Frostel	1211111020— 8	Henry Foster	1210000202— 5
Dr Bauer	0120121222— 8	John Fairboter	0010222001— 5
L C Muench	0110211112— 8	Louis Stetzle	0010101010— 4
Emil Steffens	2022220221— 8	Joseph Newman	e0010201e2— 4
William Sands	2222200220— 7	John Sehm	0022100002— 4
Richard Regan	0122111200— 7	Henry Gunter	0002000112— 4
John Krebs	1220111022— 7	Emil Marquardt	1100021000— 4
Adam Stern	2010002212— 6	George Breit	2002102000— 4
Jacob Himmelsbach	2011020110— 6	Conrad Weber	0200010100— 3
August Schmitt	0202020222— 6	Chas Lang	0002200001— 3

EMERALD GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

Oct. 29.—The tournament of the Emerald Gun Club was held at Dexter Park to-day. Fifteen shooters participated, among them some of the best shots in this vicinity. Wheeler, by some excellent shooting, finished ahead, closely followed by Van Dyke and Remsen. Event No. 8 was a match at 50 targets, expert rules, between Winston and Wheeler, which the former won by one bird after a close race. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*50*	*10*	*10*
Remsen	20	14	24	..	15	17	20	..	10	..
Wheeler	20	15	24	10	14	20	18	44	..	..
J von Lengerke	20	18	21	10	18	20	16	..	..	..
Phister	20	11	17	9	13	17	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	19	15	24	10	12	18	20	..	..	..
Schortemeier	19	14	21	9	12	19	18	..	7	9
Bristol	17	10	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winston	18	18	23	9	13	17	20	45	..	..
C Smith	15	14	20	10	14	19	16	..	..	..
Wood	14	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wanda	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	3	..
B Amend	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4
Hudson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6
W Amend	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2

Elliott Challenges Riley.

The following letter has been received from J. A. R. Elliott:

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith inclose copy of challenge issued under this date to J. E. Riley, holder of the Kansas City Star Championship Wingshot Cup. By common consent, it was agreed that any Kansas City man winning the cup at the Missouri State shoot should not be harassed by challenges from local people until ample time and opportunity had been accorded the numerous championship aspirants to challenge the cup holder. About six months have elapsed since Mr. Riley has held the trophy, and no challenge having been issued him, I consider that it is high time the trophy should be called in competition, and accordingly have issued the subjoined challenge to Mr. Riley and await his pleasure as to time and place of contest. Respectfully,

J. A. R. Elliott.

James Whitfield, Esq., Sporting Editor Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir: I herewith inclose you forfeit, and challenge Mr. J. E. Riley, holder of the Live-Bird Wingshot Championship of America, subject to the conditions and rules governing same. Respectfully yours,

J. A. R. Elliott.

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Burlington, Vt., Oct. 31.—Below are the scores made at the monthly shoot of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club. The weather was unfavorable for good shooting, the wind blowing strongly across the traps all the time. The attendance of members was small. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles: E. A. Worthen 19, H. E. Spear 19, Dr. H. E. Colvin 17, W. S. Stone 12.

No. 2, same conditions: Dr. H. E. Colvin 17, W. L. Stone 10.

No. 3, same again: Dr. Colvin 14, W. L. Stone 12.

Vermonter.

Programmes and Tournaments.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read, re-read and read again the article "Programmes and Tournaments" in current issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and I sit now cogitating as to why the salient features so clearly stated in same, which are necessary to the success and welfare of trap-shooting tournaments, have not been presented to the shooting public a long time ago. The article in question so thoroughly covers the ground that it would not be amiss for every gun club that contemplates giving a tournament to have a copy of your issue of Oct. 24 before their members, so that they may carefully digest the "meat" contained therein.

The concluding paragraph, "No tournament should be given by any club with the idea of filling the club's coffers with the proceeds of that shoot. If you add money, raise it at home; don't go abroad for it. If you don't add any money, don't charge 2 cents a target, or you will lay yourselves open to the charge of being after 'the boodle,' meets with my earnest and hearty approval. It is conceded that trap-shooting is among the very few clean sports, and that gun clubs are not primarily organized for the purpose of making money; therefore the annual dues, membership fees, and residue derived from practice contests should serve to meet the running expenses of the club and keep the treasury intact. This being the case, when a tournament is given, the meeting of friends, the social features connected therewith, the friendly strife for supremacy at the traps, and the knowledge that the club's guests have been fairly dealt with and honestly treated, should be sufficient reward, especially if the club's treasury is not called upon to make up a deficiency.

The business people of the city in which a tournament is given are the people who derive pecuniary gain from same, and if added money is to be raised by subscription it is well to solicit at home donations of money or merchandise from those who will directly profit by the holding of the tournament. It is a recognized fact that for advertising to bring in any return it must be the result of wisely directed effort, and a patronage of such mediums as will place the advertisers' wares directly before the consumer at a cost which is recognized as fair and just in the business world. In this connection the method employed by some gun clubs in raising added money might be touched on lightly. With some organizations their first thought when a tournament is spoken of is that the sporting goods manufacturers should contribute and cover almost the entire expense of the shoot. They do not ask for the money direct, but for its equivalent in the way of guns, shells, powder, or, as is generally the case, from $10 to $20 per page for an ad. in the programme, which in many cases does not circulate outside of their own particular locality, and as an advertising medium is money thrown away. The manufacturer, no doubt, feels like refusing many of these appeals, but recognizes that his position is a delicate one, and that his refusal might be construed as a personal affront to the members of the club, so he, for business reasons, pays the exacted tribute. This method or system of raising money should be discountenanced by all gun clubs. They ought not to ask or levy tribute on the manufacturer as a club or organization when they would not have the "nerve" to do it as an individual. The refusal of a manufacturer to contribute should be accepted in a businesslike way. I have received dozens and dozens of letters from clubs asking how they should proceed in order to secure a donation, advertisement, etc., from the manufacturers, and I am thus in a position to know to what an extent this is carried on.

It must be admitted that the adding of large sums of money attracts the shooters from far and near, and that it is impossible for the great majority of clubs to offer these large purses without resorting to the means just outlined. How are we going to have large tournaments then, and not raise money in this manner? Personally I am of the opinion that tournaments where large sums of money are added should be left entirely to the sporting goods manufacturers, who will, no doubt, derive great benefit from the advertisement gained through giving same. It is well known to those who attend tournaments that it is the smaller shoots, where from $300 to $500 is added, that the greatest amount of pleasure, social courtesies and good fellowship is to be derived; so I am in favor of gun clubs holding tournaments of this kind.

I am not in favor of adding merchandise prizes, and in my opinion they should be entirely eliminated from a programme. By this I do not mean that medals and cups should be done away with, for I believe they add to a programme and attract shooters, but it is the "plunder" prizes (as the boys call them) that should be let out. In almost every case merchandise prizes prove a bone of contention as to the method of disposal of the ties for same after the event is shot. They are very rarely shot off, and of the many tournaments I have attended where merchandise prizes have been offered I can recall but few instances where the prizes have been disposed of according to the programme. The ties have been eventually settled by some one of the contestants purchasing the interests of the others, or by deciding them by chance or lottery, such as placing the names in a hat and drawing for same. This is radically wrong and seldom gives satisfaction to the shooters; although they do not say much about it at the time, they afterward give vent to their dissatisfaction in no uncertain manner.

The stand you have taken in regard to charging 3 cents for targets when there is added money, and less than 3 cents when there is no added money, should meet with the approval of all gun clubs that give tournaments for sport and good fellowship, and not for the ultimate end of making money. Where there is no added money 1½ cents per target will put more money in a club's treasury than where 3 cents per target is charged and $100 per day, the usual sum, is added. This may seem strange, but it can be easily demonstrated by a few minutes' figuring on the part of interested parties. For example: suppose a club adds $100 and traps 5,000 targets at 3 cents each, or $150 per 1,000, thus receiving $150 for targets, this will leave a balance of $50 after added money is deducted. Now suppose this same club without adding any money had trapped 5,000 targets at 1½ cents each, or $15 per 1,000, they would receive $75 for targets, an amount $25 in excess of what they would have received had they added $100 and charged 3 cents for targets.

In regard to the practical work connected with the giving of a tournament: When a tournament committee is appointed, vested with full power to act, and a date selected that does not conflict with any other proposed event in that vicinity, then the real work of the committee commences, viz.: the arrangement of a proper programme which will serve to attract shooters. The preparation of a programme is generally looked upon as a matter of minor importance, and one that should not occupy much of its time. While this point, apparently, may seem an easy task, it is one of its hardest duties, and upon a correct arrangement of the details depends, to a certain extent, the successful issue of a shoot. It is quite easy to prepare a programme of a certain kind, but can it be carried to a successful issue? "Aye, there's the rub." Can it be? Events should be so scheduled and consist of such number of targets as will permit the running of two of more events at one time, if necessary, without interfering one with another. The proper way to do this is when your programme is arranged go over it carefully, shooting it out, imaginarily, with the greatest number of entries anticipated (entries are seldom underestimated, they are nearly always overestimated), in order to learn if each day's programme can be finished in one season. You will thus be enabled to amend or eliminate any events that may interfere or conflict with the smooth working of the programme. I call to mind at the present writing that the parties who were intrusted with the arrangement of the programme for the late E C tournament spent a great deal of time in a preliminary review of the work. The ashes had fallen from many a Perfecto, much seltzer-and-lemon, as well as other brain food, had been devoured for mental inspiration, and the gray dawn of the morning was peeping through the window blinds when the copy for that programme was finished and, with a sigh of thankfulness and relief, marked o k. That programme, with over 100 entries, four sets of traps, and a schedule of varied events was, with but a single exception on the first day, owing to inclement weather, carried out as arranged. The programme arranged for the Pennsylvania State shoot at Altoona was another instance similar to the foregoing. At the late State shoot held at Harrisburg, Pa., the programme, although given the most careful and conscientious preparation, was so arranged that it was with considerable difficulty that the many different kinds of events were kept moving.

When the programmes are ready for mailing, advance copies should be sent to the sportsmen's journals, giving them ample time to place same before their readers. The notice received is read by many thousands, and in return for this courtesy the scores should be promptly mailed at the close of the tournament.

Prior to the commencement of the shooting on the opening day it is the bounden duty of the tournament committee to have all the necessary paraphernalia on the grounds in proper position, as well as to have, by all means, a paid and efficient force of assistants on hand ready to commence the programme at the appointed time. The cashier's office is the mainspring of a tournament, and the best force obtainable is none too good. Appoint competent referees, who are just and firm, and the tournament committee should uphold them in their decisions. The duty of keeping the traps in perfect running order should be assigned to an individual member of the tournament committee, who should also see to it that the trapper boys do not take the targets out of the barrels and place them in piles around them; hundreds of targets are broken at tournaments by the trapper boys through carelessness in piling targets around them. The proper way to do is to open a barrel and place it on its side, having the trapper boy take out one package at a time and just as he needs it. Where at all possible, have a squad to lead off with who come to the score promptly when called and shoot rapidly, as they will set a good example to those who are dilatory and hard to get to the score. The suggestion presented as to the squad hustler is a good one, and he can often be excused if he retires to the rear of the club house and communes with himself profanely for a few minutes. Daily average money brings the shooters to the ground early and induces them to enter all events. High guns should always win this average money.

In presenting this article I am guided solely by a desire for the advancement and betterment of trap-shooting, and bringing it to the high plane where it, as a sport, deservedly belongs.

ELMER E. SHAFER.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 24 has interested me very much, as you know tournaments, tournament programmes and handicaps have been a hobby with me for some years, and any discussion in that line appeals to me with a great deal of force.

In the majority of the points made by you I agree entirely, but in some I must differ, and for the following reasons:

The main point you make is that a club should not give a tournament with the expectation or for the purpose of making money out of it. That I do not think is a defensible position, as in giving a tournament a club takes a large risk, if it adds any amount of money to draw a crowd, in having bad weather or a small attendance, and not being able to throw enough targets to make up a portion of the money they have added to the purses, and in consequence they will sustain a loss. I do not think there should be a chance of a loss without the compensating chance for a gain, and that no club should be asked to take these chances of loss for the benefit of the manufacturers of the goods consumed, or for the amusement of the shooters in attendance.

There is a great deal of hard work in connection with running a tournament, and a club should have a chance of making a small amount of money out of a shoot to pay for the trouble and extra expense they have been put to, in order to encourage them to give other tournaments.

THE 3-CENT TARGET CRITICISED.

At the present price of targets there is no question but that a charge of 2 cents for targets where money is added is too much, and that 1 and 1½ cents should be the outside charge in such cases. To my mind it is much better for a club giving a large tournament to make a small charge or no charge at all for targets rather than add $1,000 to the purses and then charge 3 cents each for targets.

At the Chamberlain tournament last year we threw the targets free of charge, 35,000 of them, which at a charge of 3 cents each was equal to adding $1,050 to the purses. I will admit that few shooters had figured out what throwing targets free of charge meant, but after their experience last year I know they realize it is equal to large added money.

Now a club can give a tournament of this sort, depending upon advertisements in programme and guarantees from club members to pay for the targets and running expenses, and not run any such chances of losing a large amount of money as they will where they add $1,000 or more and charge 3 cents each. We threw all targets, programme events, preliminary day events and extras, and made no charge; but a club could not be expected to do more than throw programme events free and make a charge of 2 cents for all other targets. In that way they could derive quite a revenue, as a great many targets would be shot outside of programme events.

THE LINDSAY HANDICAP FAVORED.

As to handicaps: To my mind the Lindsay handicap is the best and fairest ever used, and, if at all tournaments it will give the satisfaction that it gave the majority at our tournament, it will be very popular as it becomes better known. As you say, it makes extra work in the office, but a system can be devised that will lighten and quicken the work and not be much more troublesome than the ordinary methods.

A very good scheme was used by the Cleveland Gun Club at a small shoot given by it a short time ago that consisted of giving every shooter in attendance from out of the city a rebate of his railroad fare up to $3, provided he shot the two days' programme through. There were 800 targets on the programme and a charge of 2 cents each was made, so that in cases where they paid $3 rebate they only received 1 cent each net for targets. Under this system almost every man from out of town shot the programme through in spite of the fact that it rained in torrents for both days.

AVERAGE MONEY SHOULD BE PRO-RATED.

As to averages: I believe in making a large number of small averages, to be divided pro rata among all that have shot the programme through, as a better plan for holding the attendance than in giving it to a few who have been winning all the money anyhow and would stay if there were not any averages at all. In fact, I think if the idea of adding money to the purses is to draw a crowd that will stay and shoot the programme through it will prove far the better plan to divide all the added money pro rata among those that have stayed the programme through rather than add it in small amounts to the purses. Take the large tournaments of the last few years and in every instance almost you will find that most of the added money has been carried off by not to exceed ten men, and that nine out of the ten were paid to be at the tournament and should not have had a cent of the money at all.

PAID MEN AT TOURNAMENTS.

In your article you have said nothing at all in regard to the paid tournament shot, and I think the time has come when that matter must be taken up by the trap-shooting fraternity, the same as it has been by the bicycle riders, and settled in some more satisfactory way than at present. My idea would be to let all these paid shooters attend as many tournaments as they chose, shoot at all the targets they wished, paying for them at actual cost of trapping, which would amount to about 75 cents per 100, but not to allow them to contest for any of the purses or average moneys. If they wished to get up sweepstakes among themselves and let as many of the amateurs in as chose to go in, that is all right; but bar them from the regular programme events. These sweepstakes of course would be figured from the scores made in the regular events and would be run by themselves entirely; that is, the money part of it, the office having nothing to do with it.

This would give them an opportunity of showing the goods they represent to the shooters present, but would not drive away many ordinary shots who are fast finding out that where there are so many good shots in attendance at all the large tournaments, who are paid to be there and who follow the circuit week after week as it were, there is no chance for one that has to pay his own way to break even with the game.

Take any of the large tournaments of last year, and fully 40, if not 50 per cent. of the shooters in attendance were paid in one way or another to be there.

DOES NOT FAVOR THE ROSE SYSTEM.

You know I am not in favor of the Rose system, so there is no use in saying anything on that score. I think if at least one-half of the events were arranged so that contestants would have to shoot out the ties until at least entrance money could be realized, it would put more life in the game and make better shooters out of us than the present way of dividing, no matter what you get out of an event.

There is no question but what your article will be of a great deal of interest and value to your readers, and I hasten to criticise same in hopes that some one will criticise me also, and in that way stir up a healthful agitation that will result in the good of one of the best of outdoor sports.

PAUL NORTH.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 24.—Seven members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club took part in the regular weekly shoot of that club held this afternoon. In class A Paterson was the only contestant. In class B there were two competitors, Metcalfe winning with 20 breaks. Messrs. Black, Harlan, Davis and Grey fought for first place in class C, Black winning easily with 17 breaks, losing 4 out of his last 5 targets. The shoot is at 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

A C Paterson (A)	1111111101101011100100001—16
Metcalfe (B)	1101011111111101111110010—20
Norcom (B)	0001110111101101011111111—18
Black (C)	1010111111011101111100100—17
Harlan (C)	0100001110101000111010110—13
Grey (C)	0001101011011001110001010—12
Davis (C)	1100011101000111000101001—12

Five sweepstake events were also shot during the afternoon. No. 2 was at 5 pairs, No. 3 "snipe" shooting; all the others were at unknown angles. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Paterson	11	..	..	12	10
Metcalfe	10	4	7	13	8
Norcom	10	2	4	11	..
Harlan	7	4	7	10	5
Black	..	..	10	14	5
Grey	..	4	8	12	..
Davis	..	1	7	..	..

PATTY.

Winston had an easy thing of it last Tuesday, Oct. 27, in his match with Langen, of New York. The "Count" stopped shooting in the 69th round, Winston leading him then by 9 birds, and shooting in too good form for there to be any chance of defeating him with only 31 more birds to shoot at.

In New Jersey.

ELIZABETH GUN CLUB'S BI-MONTHLY.

THE Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club held its eighth bi-monthly tournament on Oct. 27-28. The club was favored by exceptionally fine weather, but it requires more than fine weather nowadays to draw out the shooters of New Jersey when once the game season has opened. The attendance was extremely small, while the purses on the target (first) day were even smaller, only a few of those taking part in the sweeps putting up for anything besides "the birds." President R. E. Chetwood acted as entry clerk throughout the shoot; W. M. Parker, the old cashier of the club, occupied his accustomed position in the cashier's box. Mr. Parker is now in the employ of the W-A shell-loading department, but still makes his home at Elizabeth.

First Day, Oct. 27.

About 1,500 targets were thrown during the day, the programme of 12 events being shot out before 4:30, although the first event was not started until just about midday. The weather was simply perfect, not a breath of air stirring at times. Had the background been as perfect as the day some tall scoring would have resulted, as H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., and Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., were in excellent trim. Wheeler made one run of 70 straight, all at unknown angles. The background at the Elizabeth grounds is a hard one, while the high board fence that surrounds the property of the club makes low-thrown quartering targets extremely difficult to get on to, unless the shooter catches sight of them the instant they top the screen.

Among those present were W. F. Parker, son of the inventor of the Parker gun, and late president of the firm of Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, who was much pleased with the showing made by Wheeler, who shot both King's Smokeless in Peters's shells, and U. M. C. factory-loaded smokeless shells loaded with E. C. powder, and landed with high average. M. Herrington, of the U. S. Smokeless Powder Company, was also present and came on the ground late; he usually shoots well on these grounds, but on this occasion he was clearly out of form.

The programme consisted of 175 targets divided into twelve events. All these events, with the exception of Nos. 4 and 6, were at unknown angles. No. 4 was at traps pulled in reverse order; No. 6 was shot expert rules, rapid fire, use of both barrels. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	15	20	15	25	10	15	10			
H G Wheeler	9	10	14	8	18	12	19	15	25	10	15	9	175	164	93.7
F Van Dyke	10	9	13	10	19	15	20	12	24	9	12	10	175	163	93.1
Edwards	..	9	9	13	10	17	14	18	13	24	10	15	9	175	162	92.5
N H Astfalk	..	9	9	..	..	18	..	17	15	23	..	..	..	100	91	91
J L Brewer	..	6	10	9	10	16	15	19	14	22	..	..	..	140	121	86.2
R S Williams	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	16	12	..	9	..	10	75	64	85.3
A Woodruff	..	..	..	14	..	15	18	18	10	..	10	11	9	120	100	83.3
W F Parker	..	8	6	13	..	17	..	16	..	..	7	..	..	85	67	78.8
Dr Jackson	..	8	7	..	6	..	12	14	12	..	9	..	..	90	70	77.8
Wanda	..	5	6	..	6	..	..	..	10	..	7	..	..	55	34	61.8
M Herrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	14	7	7	7		95	58	61
Waterbury	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	5	9	..		40	22	55

Dackerman shot in No 10 and scored 7.

Two extras were also shot, the first being at 5 pairs. In this event the scores were: Edwards, Van Dyke and Woodruff 8; Wheeler and Williams, 7; Herrington 6.

Extra No. 2 was at 25 targets, unknown angles. Scores: Edwards 22, Herrington 20, Astfalk 19.

INDEPENDENT GUN CLUB, OF PLAINFIELD.

Oct. 20.—The Independent Gun Club, of Plainfield, held a shoot this afternoon, both live birds and targets being trapped. The scores in the live-bird event (8 live birds per man, 28yds. rise, $5 entrance, three moneys) were:

Codington	2222210121—9
Wheeler	0121101211—8
Haurand	1111101e23—8
Pierson	0110100011—5
Smalley	1010011e0e—4
Smith	010e100010—3

Three events, all at 10 targets each, unknown angles, were also shot during the afternoon. The scores in these events were:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Dr Cooley	3	2	..	Lister	4	6	..
Wheeler	9	7	9	Codington	4	6	10
Smalley	8	6	4	McCullough	..	5	8
Hul	7	5	..	Pierson	6	10	
Smith	6	4	4	Reed	..	..	5
Haurand	8	9	7				

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Oct. 27.—The return match between J. L. Winston and Langen, of New York took place at Elkwood Park. The day was not a good one for the birds, as not a breath of air was stirring. Winston scored the easiest kind of a victory Langen withdrawing after losing 15 birds out of 69 shot at. Winston found the birds to his liking, and scored 65 out of 68 from the 30yds. mark. The conditions of the match were 100 live birds per man, $147 a side, Hurlingham rules, Elkwood Park boundary, Winston at 30yds., Langen at 30. The traps fell as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Langen	10	14	18	14	13	69
Winston	14	13	11	20	10	68

Langen's longest run was 15, although he scored 22 out of his 25. Winston made runs of 19 and 18. The match started at 1:37 and was finished at 3:30. The first 50 were trapped in 38 minutes, second 50 in 43 minutes, the other 37 were trapped in 28 minutes. Full scores follow:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

After the conclusion of the main event as above, L. Finletter, of Philadelphia, shot a couple of 25-bird races with Langen, both men using one hand. Finletter stood at 30 and Langen at 28yds. rise. They broke even on the two matches. Finletter winning the first by 23 to 21, Langen winning the second by 21 to 20.

Three miss-and-outs, $10 entrance, were also shot, as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.*	No. 5, 10 birds, $10.
Langen	8	10	10	1121220	000w
Irving	0	12	12	1212223	221 } Divided.
Finletter	8	11	22	20	223 }

* In No. 4 Langen missed his first bird and re-entered; he then missed two more in succession, his third re-entry resulting as above.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunting the Wild Goat.

THE white goat, or Rocky Mountain goat, as it is indiscriminately called, is a species of big game rarely hunted by sportsmen. This is not so much because of the difficulty of killing the animal, nor because of its actual rarity. It is a stupid animal, easily shot when once found. It is not, however, shot in the usual hunting grounds, as are bears, deer, elk, etc. It is remote from the common localities, but where found is in goodly numbers. It ranges very high up in the mountains—above the timber line usually—among the rocks and cliffs. This requires great labor to get to it, but once there the hunter will get his game nine times out of ten.

If you care to read of a goat hunt made in the Bitter Root Range in Montana, in the fall of 1895, send 4 cents to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific R'y, St. Paul, Minn., for "Wonderland, '96," which recounts such a hunting expedition.—*Adv.*

Sunday Service Discontinued.

THE Fall River Line announces the discontinuance of their Sunday boat service, the last Sunday trip for the season having been made on Oct. 25.

Commencing Nov. 2 the boats of this line will leave New York at 5, instead of 5:30 P. M., as at present.—*Adv.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E. B.—For quail and rabbits on Long Island go to Lindenhurst (Gluster's Hotel), Eastport (E. J. Rogers), or Mt. Sinai (L. A. Turner) You would do well first to write to the addresses given.